Reunifying Vietnam *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Congress in the Stretch

★ A Congressional session is divided roughly into three parts: the first in which the President offers his program, the second in which committees consider it, and the last in which Congress votes. The next three or four months will be that exciting final phase in which we shall learn whether the Kennedy program has been a success or failure.

That Congress doesn't want to act on the big issues – civil rights, a deficit tax cut, foreign aid, social reform legislation – is visible to anybody. That Mr. Kennedy hasn't wanted to crack the whip and face a public showdown, is also evident. The present session has been listless to the point of absurdity, and conservative committee chairmen have been playing off one bill against another for delay. Now comes the climax, and the test of the President.

In the big issues Mr. Kennedy, we think, has generally been on the right side. He knows that if the laggard economy doesn't get a spur we shall have a recession before long; he knows that foreign policy needs the aid bill; he realized late, but ahead of most of the country, that the Negroes' colonial revolt is here to stay and must be channeled peaceably in Congress unless it is to be fought out bloodily in the street.

Mr. Kennedy has been right, too, in his policy of eternally negotiating with Khrushchev on nuclear disarmament. The limited test ban treaty is the result. We never had any doubt the Senate would approve it after the individual prima donnas had strutted their stuff, and GOP leaders had shown they were more concerned with national safety than the Democrats. The treaty doesn't do too much – either side can abrogate it at any time; but as a symbolic first step its importance is tremendous.

Yes, President Kennedy has generally said and done the right things, we think. But there is something lacking; it may be in the times; it may be in the man. He has lacked a certain flamboyance, a willingness to lead a charge, an ability to dramatize the issue. Admitting his task is hard, the question remains whether he has stirred the country to do the things that must be done.

So this new showdown phase is as much one for the President as for the squirming, reluctant Congress. How tough can Kennedy be? Abandoning his usual cool discretion, he lashed out at the House Republican leaders who cut foreign aid. "A shocking and thoughtless partisan attack by the Republican leadership," he said specifically. The rare outburst came from the heart and it was justified. In 1956 only 38 percent of the GOP membership voted against the foreign aid authorization in the House; in 1957, and again in 1958, 39 percent; in 1959, 40 percent; in 1960 – 39 percent; 1961 – 46 percent; 1962 – 57 percent and in 1963 – 70 percent. The trend is dramatically up. The House Republicans seem to be going back to isolationism.

Will Kennedy Fight?

★ Mr. Kennedy has attacked the Republicans, but what is he going to do about the conservative Democrats who thwart and defy him? Southern Senators are going to filibuster against the civil rights bill – will there be a second, and less docile, March on Washington? Again, Senator Byrd and other conservatives are demanding a cruel price for letting the Administration try to save the economy with a tax cut: they demand postponement of Kennedy social reform legislation (schools, area redevelopment, public works authorizations and the like), and a cutback in other expenditures. We think a showdown is coming in the next few months. We guess that if it is to be successful he must speak out more directly and brutally than he has heretofore done.

Incidentally, Mr. Kennedy is going out to inspect "conservation projects" in Western states, Sept. 25-29. The subject is being treated with the kittenish coyness that characterizes these political "non-political" trips. The fact is that everyone knows Mr. Kennedy will be the Democratic nominee in 1964, and most people think he will be re-elected. The question is whether he can save the Democratic liberal Senators in these very Western states which he will visit.

There are seven or eight of them: Burdick (N. Dak.), Cannon (Nev.), Engle (Calif.), Jackson (Wash.), McGee (Wyo.), McCarthy (Minn.), Moss (Utah), Mansfield (Mont.) and others, and several are in great danger from the radical right. They need Kennedy; he needs them. These Senators and accompanying representatives are one of the most important stakes in the election.

Goldwater in '64?

★ Barry Goldwater is starting out to make speeches too, beginning Monday in Cleveland for the GOP state Finance Committee, and another in Chicago, two days later, before the National Federation of Republican Women – to whom the presence of dashing Barry is like catnip. It is pretty hard for this reporter to take Goldwater's candidacy seriously. Senator Goldwater is toning down and explaining away previous rash utterances like fury, but they are there, in print, just the same. How can a political party seriously, in this day, nominate a man who attacks the graduated income tax, or wants to throw an ultimatum at Khrushchev? The only reason it could do it, we think, would be with the expectation that it would be licked anyway, but that he might crack the South, and help defeat the Democratic liberals in the Western "conservation" states. Even so, imagination boggles at the idea of New York's Senator Keating running on the same ticket with Goldwater!

We were tremendously moved by the Civil Rights march on Washington; found ourself choking up once or twice at the sight of the endless, patient, enduring flood of middle-class citizens flowing so quietly and inexorably forward. Washington is a Negro city run by Southern white segregationists, and most of the shops were closed. To our mind it was all a shade too meek and docile. We kept wondering what will happen if and when a Senate filibuster develops. God help the nation if this meek army changes its tone.

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Reunifying Vietnam

General de Gaulle is probably right. Unless Vietnam is reunified, the chances of bringing order and prosperity there will be slim. Yet the US has no program – nor indeed even any hope – for reunifying the country. Back in 1954, when the French pulled out, many observers expected unity under Ho Chi Minh within a year or two. The Viet Minh was established in the industrial North which had traditionally dominated the sleepy rural South. Having defeated the French, Ho and his colleagues were accepted by most Vietnamese as the legitimate heirs to the colonial regime. There was, of course, a rump regime in the South, under the discredited puppet-king, Bao Dai. But nobody expected him to survive more than a few months. When he collapsed the Communist-led Viet Minh would take over. Even if he did not collapse, the Geneva Conference had hopefully recommended national elections within 18 months, and in the unlikely event that they actually took place, Ho and the Viet Minh were expected to win.

The US Ambassador to Bao Dai's regime, General J. Lawton Collins, recommended a hands-off policy, since he thought the situation hopeless. The CIA man in Saigon, Colonel Edward G. Lansdale, dissented. If we backed Ngo Dinh Diem, he said, this remarkable man might pull off the impossible and establish a stable and permanent regime in Saigon. Lansdale persuaded his boss Allen Dulles; Allen persuaded his brother John Foster; and the US committed itself. For a while it looked as if the commitment had been a wise one. Diem showed extraordinary political gifts in crushing his innumerable opponents, playing off one faction against another, mixing promises with threats, exploiting both fear and vanity. He even won tacit acceptance from some former members of the Viet Minh, still numerous in the South.

Unfortunately, the balmy days of success did not last long. Politics is a combination of force, cunning and myth-making, and in this latter department Diem proved inadequate. It was not just that he lacked the common touch and could not evoke enthusiasm among the peasants who compose the bulk of the Southern population. More important, he never persuaded the bulk of the Vietnamese, either North or South of the 17th Parallel, that he was in Saigon to stay. If Southerners had believed the Saigon government permanent, they would have sought influence within it. Only the fanatics would have endured the hardship and danger of fighting with the Viet Cong in the *maquis* if the fight looked hopeless. But it didn't. Conversely, if the North Vietnamese had believed Diem likely to survive, they would

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not have encouraged talented young men – men who could have been running factories or organizing rural cooperatives – to invest their time, and often their lives, in the struggle against Diem. Unfortunately for Diem, however, most Vietnamese continued to feel that history was on the side of Hanoi. Even those who detested Ho and rejected Communism seem to have had little faith that a second regime in the South could be a permanent alternative.

Could another man have succeeded – or could he succeed today – where Diem has failed? A great deal has been written about the non-Communist alternatives to Diem – some of it in the pages of *The New Republic*. The State Department has always argued that these alternatives were unreal, and the editors, while uncertain, have usually been inclined to agree. If the US had had the strength of its own proclaimed convictions in 1955-56, and had made US aid to Diem conditional on his allowing a loyal opposition, things might have been different. Almost certainly, Diem would have been voted out of office sometime between 1956 and 1963. Fearing this, Diem might have been less pigheaded in the interim. Even if he had not, there would have been someone waiting in the wings when the US sounded its trumpets and invited a coup, as it did two weeks ago. As it was, not even the military made a serious effort to take over. Instead, the Vietnamese citizenry kept repeating that the US had armed Diem, and so it was now up to the US to disarm him. (How? South Vietnam is not Guatamala or Iran. The Vietnamese army is well-equipped and trained. If it stays loyal, Diem stays in power.) Diem may be too strong for anyone but the US or the Viet Cong to eliminate. But a group which cannot get rid of Diem is unlikely to be able to get rid of the Viet Cong once it takes power in Saigon. It is also a fair guess that if the military cannot unite to throw out Diem it would be equally divided once Diem was gone.

As this is written, then, it looks as if the only alternatives to Diem are Ngo Dinh Nhu or the Viet Cong. Rejecting Nhu, the State Department has decided to make the best of a bad job and support Diem. As so often in the past, there is talk of "demanding reforms," and particularly demanding that Nhu (with his wife) be made Ambassador to the Malagasy Republic or some other remote region. But Diem has never yielded to such demands before, and he is unlikely to do so now. So long as he knows that the US prefers him to Ho Chi Minh, he can do as he pleases with impunity.

But should we prefer Diem to Ho? The question deserves more careful attention than it is now getting either inside the Administration or outside. The Pentagon says that Diem is "protecting our flank" in Southeast Asia, and that the fall of South Vietnam would be a strategic disaster for the US. When pressed, however, military spokesmen offer unpersuasive arguments to support this claim. The US has no military bases in South Vietnam. South Vietnam has a potential rice surplus, but keeping this from Hanoi is hardly worth the price the US now pays to stay there. If the Communists control South Vietnam, some say they will be able to put pressure on Cambodia and Laos. But since the Communists already have a common border with Laos, and are already known to move freely through Laos into both South Vietnam and Cambodia, it is hard to see how a new government in Saigon could make matters worse.

The real importance of South Vietnam, so far as we can discover, is psychological. If Diem falls, the world may be somewhat more convinced that Communism is the wave of the future. If Diem goes, Sihanouk, Ne Win and others will be even more worried about their respective futures outside the bloc than they are today, and even more anxious to reach an accommodation with Peking. There is some sense in this argument. But how much? Would other Asian leaders really feel as incompetent, and hence as vulnerable, as they think Diem? Might they not expect to do somewhat better? Certainly none of them faces such intractable problems. Also, would they see Hanoi's victory as a victory for Communism, or only for national unity? If for Communism, would the stock of Moscow, Peking or Hanoi rise?

Important as it is for the US to avoid a loss of face in Southeast Asia (who said this was an Oriental obsession?), there is no evidence that continued support for Diem will save face. On the contrary, we have already lost ground in Asia precisely *because* we support Diem. For one thing we are backing an apparently Roman Catholic regime in an apparently Buddhist country – the worst colonial tradition. (Actually, religion probably has much less to do with the current conflict than is usually thought, but that is not apparent in Cambodia, Burma or Thailand.) More important, we have allowed a second-rate dictator to defy us, have then proclaimed our intention of overthrowing him (given diplomatic understatement, US statements after the Buddhist repression could be construed as nothing less), and have then failed to carry out our threat. Could Ho Chi Minh do any more to humiliate us?

The practical question, furthermore, no longer seems to be whether Ho would be worse than Diem, but whether Ho in 1963 will be worse than Ho in 1964 or in 1965. The State Department now seems virtually convinced – and every American observer on the scene apparently supports the judgment – that the present Diem government cannot beat the Viet Cong. Diem, in other words, must either change or fall. He will not, indeed probably cannot, change. So if the US cannot muster up an anti-Communist alternative, the Viet Cong will take over, bringing Ho in its baggage.

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If we want to be heroic, we can go down with Diem's ship. But in every shipwreck there comes a point when wise men abandon the pumps and lower the life-boats. That point has not yet quite been reached; it is still possible that there will be changes for the better in Saigon, and that a "two Vietnams" policy will prove workable. But that possibility seems more and more remote. Unless there is a radical improvement in the next few weeks, this hope will probably have to be written off entirely. At that point the US ought to consider making its peace with Ho. Indeed, it ought to explore the possibility right now, for opening a dialogue between Washington and Hanoi would be a far more effective way to pressure Diem than simply telling Ambassador Cabot Lodge to pound the table.

What might be the aim of the dialogue? Kennedy and Ho Chi Minh have a common objective in Southeast Asia: to prevent Chinese expansion. The US hope ought to be the creation of a stable non-aligned Vietnam, looking to Moscow, Paris and Washington as well as Peking. There is no reason to suppose this is impossible once Hanoi's *casus belli* with the West is gone. So long as America props up Diem, Ho will share the militance of Peking. But once Ho's country is united under his rule, he could become another Tito. Indeed, it might be worth discussing the subject directly with the Soviets, for they too have every reason to want an independent government in Hanoi. If they are prepared to join the Americans in giving India hardware to fight China, they would surely be willing to join in keeping Vietnam independent. "But," it will be answered, "we cannot in good conscience betray our promises of the past ten years and sell the people of South Vietnam into slavery to the North." To this there are two answers. The first is that it seems increasingly unlikely that we can prevent this happening, even if we try. The second is that the difference between the regimes in Hanoi and Saigon is not sufficiently great to justify continuing the present war. The war can only be justified on the ground that the Vietnamese must suffer for some larger end: perhaps the preservation of independent governments elsewhere on the continent. Is the war making this long-term objective more attainable? To put it another way, is Ho Chi Minh or Ngo Dinh Diem most likely to serve America's primary purpose in Southeast Asia: stopping Chinese expansion. It seems increasingly possible that Ho is America's best bet.

Wanted: A Taiwan Policy

While the US is committed to two Vietnams, its China policy is more ambiguous. Nominally, the US supports the reunification of China, just as it supports the reunification of Germany. But since there is no reason to believe that free elections throughout China would restore Chiang Kai-shek to power, the US position has been far less explicit, and far more difficult to defend, than in Germany. Officially, the US recognizes Chiang as the only legitimate ruler of all China, and presumably supports his return to the Mainland at a suitable time. Actually, Washington has covert diplomatic relations with Peking, through regular Ambassadorial meetings in Warsaw. Last year the Administration used this avenue to assure Mao and his colleagues that the US would not now support a Nationalist invasion of the Mainland. The US has, however, refused to discuss the Peking regime's claim to Taiwan. It is true, we say privately, that the Taiwanese are mostly Nineteenth Century immigrants from the mainland, and that they speak a Chinese dialect as close to those of the mainland as mainland dialects are to one another. But their ties with the mainland were cut off after the Japanese took over in 1895, and they have no desire to rejoin their long lost cousins. America is, in other words, pursuing a *de facto* "two Chinas" policy.

Chiang's dreams have, however, prevented the US from carrying this policy very far. The US still helps Chiang support an immense army on Taiwan, which symbolizes his hope for a return to the mainland. The US has, moreover, paid little attention to making Taiwan a self-governing, self-sustaining nation. US aid has helped make the Taiwanese among the most prosperous people in Asia, but it has not forced Chiang to create a government independent of his own person. Instead, Taiwan is ruled by the secret police, headed by the Generalissimo's son, Chiang Ching-kuo. As police states go, it is true, Taiwan is not particularly grim, for there is little opposition to suppress. After half a century of Japanese colonialism the Taiwanese emerged in 1945 politically castrated, and seem never to have recovered. Most of Chiang's critics are mainlanders, not islanders. The latter are apparently more interested in affluence than liberty.

Chiang Ching-kuo's 11 day visit to America, which began last week, is of some significance. At the behest of the Pentagon and high officials in the CIA, and despite objections from the State Department, Washington has rolled out the red carpet for Chiang. That carpet is even longer and thicker than the one rolled out two years ago for Chen Cheng, the comparatively liberal Vice President of Nationalist China and nominal heir to Chiang Kai-shek. Why? Military and intelligence experts point out that Chen is sick, that he may not outlive the Generalissimo, that if he does, Chiang Ching-kuo's secret police are unlikely to allow Chen to take office, and if they did it would probably be on the condition that Chiang Ching-kuo exercise power.

Perhaps Chiang ought to be accepted as heir-apparent. But several doubts must be entered. Chiang Ching-

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kuo spent a number years in Moscow after his father came to power in China, and he is anything but a loyal ally of the US. It is generally believed in Taipei, for example, that he instigated the anti-American riot of May, 1957. This was billed as a spontaneous protest against the refusal of a US court to punish an American soldier stationed in Taiwan. (He had killed his Chinese partner in a black-market venture.) Actually the riots were carefully planned and executed by the Nationalist Youth Corps, which Chiang Ching-kuo controls. It may also be significant that although the Nationalists protest bitterly about US negotiations at Warsaw with the Communist regime, Japanese visitors have seen Chiang Ching-kuo's private secretary in Peking, presumably on a similar errand.

US enthusiasm for Chiang Ching-kuo might make sense if the State Department were actively interested in improving its relations with the Mainland government, for in that case a leader willing to sell out the Taiwanese might be just what US interests required. If the military and the intelligence community had decided that Taiwan's importance to the US was in fact negligible, and were looking for a Machiavellian way out of the dilemma which will inevitably arise when the Chinese get an atomic bomb and a method of projecting it across the Taiwan Straits, support for Chiang Ching-kuo might be shrewd. But the fact is that at the moment nobody seriously questions the axiom that Taiwan is somehow important to the US. (How else could we obtain a cover for U-2 flights over the Mainland?) If the US wants to keep Taiwan independent, Chiang Ching-kuo is hardly the ideal man to lead the effort. The Taiwanese will not remain politically impotent forever, and if they come into their own under a man like Chiang, they may well turn to Mao for the help – if Chiang hasn't turned there already.

FOREIGN REPORTS

YUGOSLAVIA: *Tito May Visit the US*

★ While Mr. Khrushchev's celebrated visit to Marshal Tito may be evidence of renewed intimacy between Moscow and Belgrade, the Yugoslavs are working strenuously behind the scenes to arrange a visit by Tito to the US. The aim of such a trip would be to persuade Americans that Yugoslavia is not abandoning nonalignment, and that Tito is a friend of every man. However, there is a great deal of diplomatic rigmarole to go though before the trip can take place. The Marshal, accompanied by the foreign minister, Koca Popovitsch, is due to leave on about September 15 for a tour of

COMING: *Sally Belfrage reports on visits to Monroe, North Carolina, and Danville, Virginia*

Latin America where he is scheduled to visit Brazil, Bolivia, possibly Uruguay, Chile, and Mexico in that order. The way from Mexico back to Belgrade passes through New York. So Tito will come to New York, if only to pay a return visit to U Thant, who visited Belgrade recently.

When in New York, however, the head of the Yugoslav state could also meet President Kennedy. Should the President invite him to Washington, as the Yugoslav officials hope, the Marshal will go, even should this visit be only a "private" one. Yet before any of this can materialize, Yugoslav officials insist, one "major obstacle" must be cleared. Congress must restore "most favored nation" privileges for Yugoslav exports, revoked last year.

Tito is not just playing to the Afro-Asian gallery in seeking to reaffirm his non-alignment. He wants to persuade Kennedy too. He would like to emphasize, for instance, that Khrushchev's offer, and Yugoslav acceptance, of observer status at meetings of Comecon (the Bloc's economic organization) do not foreshadow a return to the Moscow orbit. When Gromyko recently offered full membership, Tito politely refused. Still, Yugoslavia must trade to grow, and markets are hard to come by these days. She would rather sell her industrial goods to the West, which pays in hard currency, but the hostility of the US Congress, and the new tariffs of the Common Market make the prospect poor. Yugoslavia must look East, and if she hopes to know the future of her exports in that direction, she must know what is being decided at Comecon meetings. Officially, observer status at Comecon means this and no more.

The Marshal would also plead with Kennedy for the continuation of surplus grain shipments. This year's harvest has been good, but the Yugoslavs would like to build up reserves for drought years. Pleading for continuation of US aid Tito will have one strong trump: Yugoslavia has made better use of the American aid she was getting in the past than many other recipients. The Yugoslav standard of living seems amazingly high to visitors from Moscow, Warsaw or Sofia – and even

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from such highly industrialized countries as Czechoslovakia or East Germany. American aid has played a part in this, and has thereby encouraged more diversity in economic thinking within the Bloc. With US help, the unorthodox but successful Yugoslav mixture of public ownership, cooperatives and private ownership has become a beacon attracting more and more East European eyes.

MEXICO: *Stink bombs for Castro*

★ Mexico is about to enter its first presidential campaign since the rise of Castro, and a new pro-Castro party – the Peoples Electoral Front (FEP) – is trying to break the grip which the ruling establishment, the Party of Revolutionary Institutions (PRI), has maintained on the presidency for 40 years.

Can a Castro movement get anywhere in this most stable of Latin American countries? The PRI insists that "only the Mexican way" can work here; but some observers tend to scout this mysticism and look for omens in the material condition of Mexico. They find that 4.5 million people do not own any shoes; 90 percent of the population suffers from malnutrition; millions of city-dwellers (1.5 million in Mexico City alone) live in hovels or caves, without water, electricity or drainage; and one of the fastest-growing populations in the world (3.2 percent per year) subsists on a very slowly growing economy.

The FEP itself recently improved its prospects by enlisting the support of two mass organizations, the National Liberation Movement and the Independent Peasants Center, which in turn have the support of ex-President Lazaro Cardenas, the country's greatest living revolutionary hero. The first mass meeting of the FEP held in May at Mexico City was not, however, auspicious. A mere 250-odd followers and curiosity-seekers had huddled around the speakers' stand to see and hear the former governor of Lower California – a peasants' leader billed as the star attraction of the day. The Governor, however, looked at the forlorn scene from his parked car and then drove off without a word. A second-string speaker urged listeners not to be provoked to violence. This was a reference to the provocation of stink bombs that had been loosed by jokers. The people heeded his advice and listened patiently to the rest of the speech, holding their noses. It was a tableau that may have symbolized Communism in Mexico.

Yet the FEP managed in July to produce petitions bearing 83,000 signatures – 8,000 more than needed – to get its candidate on the ballot.

Something wrong was immediately found, not by the government, but by another pro-Castro movement in the state of Morelos, the Revolutionary Peasants Federation (launched some years ago by Ruben Jaramillo – a latter-day Pancho Villa who died mysteriously in 1962 under a hail of bullets). The Federation noticed the names of 2,500 of its members on the FEP petition, and denounced the signatures as fraudulent. Charges of forgery then blossomed, and an FEP leader was sent to jail. It is true that the Communists in Morelos lean toward China, while those in the FEP have just officially declared for Russia; but the splintered condition of the left in Mexico pre-dates the Moscow-Peking split. Credit for the confusion is generally given to that divider-and-conqueror, the ruling PRI.

The PRI refuses to consider Marxism a menace, but treats it instead as a collection of fellow-Latins susceptible to the lure of respectability and capable of learning. As a result Communism is less of a menace in Mexico than anywhere else in Latin America.

THE GENERAL'S STATEMENTS AIM AT MORE THAN RUDENESS

De Gaulle's Vietnam

Paris

The West has been unanimous in its reaction to the French Government's latest statement on the situation in Vietnam: the declaration was universally regarded as another thrust on de Gaulle's part designed to enrage the Americans. The general premise on this score is that the goal of the French President's foreign policy is personal prestige, to be gained by means of blackmail and provocation. The most reliable analyses, made by commentators and columnists who are not usually given to extremist over-simplifications, boil down to an attitude which springs from spleen rather than from reflection.

There is no denying that, irritated as de Gaulle is at his failure to obtain from the US a role in the atomic directorate, a reform of NATO, or acceptance of his

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concept of Europe, de Gaulle is not in the least inclined to be gracious toward the Kennedy Administration. Equally obvious is the fact that for many months now de Gaulle has sought to create such a tense atmosphere that the West in general and the US in particular would feel compelled to hold a general conference with France.

When I commented recently to one of General de Gaulle's ministers that according to her allies the French program was to widen the rifts in the Western bloc, his answer was: "In the Eastern bloc there is the Albanian rift, the Chinese rift, and to a lesser degree the Yugoslavian rift; yet this in no way prevents the existence of solidarity on basic objectives." In other words, de Gaulle is prepared to assume responsibility for a disagreement at least as serious as the one underlying the present Sino-Soviet conflict.

Moreover, in launching his appeal for the unity and independence of the two Vietnams, de Gaulle chose the very moment when President Kennedy was doing everything possible to counteract the dismal results of earlier mistakes. Ambassador Lodge's mission is particularly delicate – all the more so, perhaps, because the United States has not decided definitely to replace the Diem regime. In the final analysis, however, Southeast Asia is one of the regions where the West has always believed that Communism posed a special threat. During the Indochina War, France did her utmost to sell President Eisenhower on this idea in order to get the dollars essential to carry on the frightful battles which culminated in the catastrophe of Dien Bien Phu. In fact, it is possible to maintain that no matter what mistakes the United States may have committed in Vietnam – and these mistakes have been enormous – France is in no position to give the Americans any lessons on this score. And as to Diem, we would do well to recall that although this Vietnamese Catholic was a protégé of Cardinal Spellman, and although he did live in the US, he would never be at the head of the South Vietnamese government today if a former president of the French Council, Paul Reynaud, had not taken the initiative in establishing him in that role on June 17, 1954.

These two points being clearly established, and even admitting that there is some provocation in the French Government's statement, it still remains necessary to analyze the substance of it and to know why and within what framework General de Gaulle vented his spleen in this area. Is it a fact that the French President has always felt contempt and antipathy toward Mr. Diem? This is indeed true. It is also true that the general's frustrated nationalism must have been wounded by the clumsy and brutal way in which the transfer of power in Saigon in 1954 was handled so as to favor the US. But these explanations only touch the surface. The fundamental reasons lie deeper.

France has retained rather substantial interests in South Vietnam. After nine years, despite the 7500 miles which separate the two countries, and notwithstanding the US presence in South Vietnam, French industry and culture have preserved an amazingly wide area of influence there. A single example is the field of education: approximately half the students come from the French schools of Vietnam.

In line with these persisting ties with France almost all the non-Communist elite who oppose Diem, despairing of any move by the US to withdraw its unconditional support of the Catholic dictator, consistently turn to Paris. Vietnamese activity in France has been very intense, especially over the past year, and this despite its underground nature. Reports have reached the French Government emphasizing that the time was at hand when France could once again play an important role.

The authors of these reports, in general "neutralists," seem to have been encouraged in their programs by the Viet Minh itself. Here it is necessary to draw some distinctions. There is apparently a group close to Ho Chi Minh, and most especially a group around Pham Van Dong, which has very serious reservations about China; which is greatly attracted by the "decolonizing and anti-American" nature of General de Gaulle's policies; which apparently feels that the time is at last ripe to reunite the rice fields of the South and the industry of the North by applying the "recommendations" which follow the 1954 Geneva Agreement. The Viet Minh has been awaiting two developments: a deterioration of the internal situation in South Vietnam, and a favorable international situation. The first of these has come to pass, beyond the Viet Minh's highest hopes. The second could arise if China and Russia, as a result of their conflicts, were to accept the establishment of a sort of "Asian Yugoslavia" and if the Western side of the operation took a definitely anti-American turn. Hence the call for French intervention.

General de Gaulle turned a deaf ear to all appeals of this kind as long as they seemed to benefit only the Vietnamese Communists; this was especially true because it always appeared doubtful that one could be a neighbor to China and remain truly neutral. Were a Vietnamese Titoist movement about to burgeon, surely this would have been obvious when the Moscow nuclear test ban treaty was signed. Instead, cleaving to the Peking line, North Vietnam did not sign the treaty. However, since the installation of the Moscow-Washington telephone, de Gaulle has unquestionably become convinced that there are only two ways to settle the world's problems. One is a solution (catastrophic in his opinion) of the Potsdam and Yalta type, which divides the world up into various zones of influence. Fortunately, this solution is opposed by China in the Eastern bloc and by France in the West. If China and France stand firm, there remains only the second solution: neu-

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tralization of neuropathic areas, guaranteed by the major powers. In the case of Indochina, neutralization offers special inducements, Russia would be pleased if it could escape abandoning this region to the Chinese, while the Chinese would be glad to make the US pull out of the country; neutralization allows both.

The question which immediately comes to mind is whether American soldiers are not defending freedom in Saigon, just as in Berlin. If so, it is well to remember that, as President Kennedy observed, no French soldiers would move in if the US were to withdraw. How long could Vietnamese Communists, even of the "Titoist" type, resist China? The Gaullists reply that, unfortunately, the freedom fighters have, so far, played into the hands of the Communists in the North; and that for the future, they have no idea of abandoning a new territory to China. On the contrary, the goal is to guarantee Vietnam's frontiers, the northernmost of which might disappear if things go on as they are. Thus, according to de Gaulle's thinking, a time-table would be established in terms of a vision of the future. Such a vision may be deemed fallacious or hallucinatory, but here again it must first be known and analyzed before being judged. Such impartial judgment is particularly difficult for the US, owing to the deliberately provocative and contemptuous terms in which General de Gaulle chooses to express himself. For those of the French people who remember what General de Gaulle's attitude was during the Indochinese War (unrealistic, chauvinistic, and bellicose), it is equally difficult to make an impartial judgment. But perhaps the time has, nevertheless, come to answer General de Gaulle in the terms which he himself uses rather than attributing hidden motives to him.

JEAN DANIEL

AN ACT OF BRAVADO ON THE ISRAELI FRONTIER

Syria in Flux

Beirut

Whatever their public attitudes, few Arabs would privately contest that Syria was this time responsible for the flare-up on the Israeli frontier in which two Israeli farmers were ambushed and killed on August 19. The process whereby such incidents are aired in the Security Council is a salutory one. International opinion is mobilized in defense of the uneasy Arab-Israeli truce and the offending party made to feel the weight of moral censure. On the last occasion Israel was found guilty. But neither public examination of charges and countercharges nor high-tone enjoinders to keep the peace can conjure away the underlying causes of continuing Arab-Israeli tension.

At bottom is the persistent Arab fear and hatred of Israel, unabated over the past 15 years. But there are also more specific factors at work. One is the special patriotic zeal of the Syrian army. The army enjoys great freedom of action, amounting at times to virtual autonomy, on the Palestine front. This zeal and autonomy goes back to the Syrian army's first intervention in politics in 1949, on the morrow of the Palestine war. Since then, numerous internal upheavals have confirmed the army in its role as the nation's conscience and the final arbiter of policy. It is likely that the latest frontier incident was a piece of individual bravado – or, if viewed from the Arab side, of heroism – of which Damascus knew nothing until it was all over.

The Syrian army knows that in the event of a clash with Israel it can expect little immediate help from Egypt, whose forces are still heavily engaged in Yemen. The current bitter feud between Cairo and Damascus has, in any event, temporarily put an end to any suggestion of joint military preparedness. Iraq, in turn, although on the closest terms with Syria, is busy grappling with the Kurds. Nor could Syria rely on much help from the Jordanian army, partly because of the poisoned relations between Damascus and Amman but also because in the event of trouble Jordan would be fully extended defending her own long frontier with Israel. This sense of isolation – of being alone holding the front line against Israeli power – gives a special edge to the Syrian army's patriotic fervor. It enduces edginess and an inclination to probe Israeli intentions.

A more specific cause for Syrian military nervousness is the fear that Israel might exploit present Arab divisions to put into execution her long-nursed plan to divert water from the Jordan River to the Negev Desert. This project is the centerpiece of Israel's irrigation program, and so the key to her future immigration policy. If more Jews want to go to Israel, more arable land must be wrested from the desert. The plan, in brief, is to pump water from the northwest corner of Lake Tiberias

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into a 25-mile open diversion canal and then by giant pipeline down the coastal strip to the northern Negev. The scheme is due for completion early in 1964 but the latest reports suggest that the work has been running ahead of schedule. The project may be ready now. The Arab states have repeatedly warned that they would consider any diversion of the Jordan waters an act of war. But the Syrian army, across the lake from the Israeli pumping station, would be the one called upon to give this joint threat substance.

The latest incident must also be seen in the context of current inter-Arab politics. Its immediate result was to win Syria the verbal support of all her sister Arab states and to still – if only for a day or two – Cairo radio's barrage of propaganda against the Syrian government. It has also allowed the Syrian Ba'athist rulers to bring home to the Arab public the close ties which now bind them to the Ba'athist rulers in Iraq. This, indeed, may be the most significant outcome of the event. Long accustomed to looking to President Nasser and Egypt for support, Syrian opinion had to be reoriented toward Iraq. The plans for joint defense and economic coordination between the two countries announced last week symbolize this new emphasis.

But the Syria-Iraq rapprochement reflects fear of President Nasser as much as of Israel. The dominant view in Damascus and Baghdad is that no satisfactory union agreement can now be negotiated with Nasser, who has himself announced his irrevocable breach with the Ba'ath party in Syria. Both sides are now settling down to a long contest in which, to survive, the Ba'ath must consolidate its rule in Arab Asia. Last week's visit to Cairo of President Aref of Iraq, although billed as an effort to revive the collapsed federation of Iraq, Syria and Egypt, actually had the limited aim of halting the vituperative slanging-match between Egypt and Syria. But Nasser is unlikely to give the Ba'ath a breathing space unless he secures substantial concessions in return. He is pressing for the formation of a "National Front" in Syria – which, in effect, means a share of power for his supporters.

As last week's Security Council debate demonstrated, the Arab-Israeli quarrel continues to poison Arab relations with the West. But the Ba'ath-Nasser conflict has also left its mark on Arab relations with the Great Powers. The United States, giving aid to both sides, is maintaining an uneasy neutrality. Russia shares with Nasser a violent hostility to the Ba'ath, largely because of the Ba'aths virtual destruction of the powerful Iraqi Communist party – possibly the Soviet Union's biggest setback in the region since 1945. Moscow is therefore supporting Cairo in the current Arab feud. And so, of course, China has been offering aid to Syria and Iraq. From its Damascus embassy, China has also been distributing literature on the Sino-Soviet feud to Arab intellectuals. The harassed Iraqi Communists have even gone so far as to accuse China of backing the Iraq government against them.

The struggle between Nasser and the Ba'ath has also spilled over into neighboring Arab states. Jordan in particular is caught in the cross-fire. A revealing paradox is that King Hussein, under pressure from his Ba'athist neighbors who are now a graver threat to his regime than Nasser, is once more patching up his long quarrel with Cairo. Egyptian propaganda against him has largely tapered off in recent weeks while the Egyptian press has been denouncing Ba'athist attempts to unseat him.

PATRICK SEALE

JORDAN'S KING RULES A RESTLESS NATION OF PALESTINIANS

Hussein of Jordan

Amman, Jordan

In the eyes of Colonel Nasser's supporters, King Hussein of Jordan is no better than a traitor to the Arab cause, a protégé of Israel deserving only the Arab nationalist's bullet. The King lives constantly in this shadow: when an assassin shot King Abdullah (Hussein's grandfather) Hussein escaped only because the shot aimed at him ricocheted off a medal pinned to his chest. Later, he discovered that the nose drops he used to combat a chronic sinus-infection had been replaced by murderous acid. Another time he found the palace cats dying off one by one, poisoned by the palace cook who was experimenting on them prior to fulfilling his royal assignment. His plane has been pursued by two Syrian MIGs. A bomb once killed his Prime Minister as well as 11 others, and was followed 40 minutes later by another explosion, presumably intended for Hussein himself. No less than three successive Commanders-in-Chief of his army have had to flee the

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country or put in prison for plotting his overthrow.

But however great the strain under which he has been living ever since he ascended the throne, and however dark his prospects, he has no thought of quitting: "I had seen enough of Europe even at seventeen," he has written, "to know that its playgrounds were filled with ex-kings . . . I was not going to become a permanent member of their swimming-parties in the south of France." Clearly, he is no Farouk. He lives simply and is rarely seen in European nightclubs or casinos. He spends most of his leisure-time in a modest villa outside Amman, where he is said to keep only a couple of servants. He gives no offense and is certainly not hated by his people the way Farouk was by the Egyptians. The people of Jordan have enjoyed considerably more freedom under Hussein's rule than their brethren in Iraq and Egypt. In 1956 and 1962, they even had free elections. While some of the Bedouin chiefs own vast estates, it is largely worthless desert. A ceiling of 50 acres – half the maximum allowed in Egypt – has been put on land-holdings in the irrigated part of Jordan.

Admittedly, the democracy of Jordan has its limitations. When the elections of 1956 produced a government whose advances to Moscow were too much for the unequivocally anti-Communist Hussein, he placed the Premier under house-arrest and dissolved political parties. The elections that followed were hardly free, and it was not until last year that the voters were again allowed to return a parliament of their own choosing. In April of this year, the new parliament toppled the government (suspected of insufficient enthusiasm for the Arab federation), and Hussein once more dissolved the assembly.

It would be a mistake, however, to interpret last April's parliamentary vote of no confidence as a clear indication that the people of Jordan would like to swap Hussein for Nasser. It is not as simple as that. Among the 32 parliamentarians who voted against the government (against 28 who supported it), more than one was driven by personal animosity or ambition rather than by a burning desire to see his country join the union planned in Cairo.

Nor does Hussein's response mean he rejects any and all ideas of associating Jordan with an Arab Federation. "If its founders drop their insistence on republicanism," he told me recently, "I see no other obstacles to our joining." And when I asked him whether this meant that he had no fault to find with the federal structure outlined in the ill-starred Cairo agreement, he said that it was "a good experiment" and that "he hoped it would succeed." He also said something else, however, which would seem to render the practical value of these protestations somewhat doubtful. The Federation would have to be based on "equal rights" for all, and should leave no scope for "domination by any man, group or people." What this means was made clear at the time of Jordan's short-lived Federation with Feisal's Iraq. Hussein demanded that Jordan should have equal representation in the parliament, although there are three Iraqis for every Jordanian. Hussein is clearly unwilling to pay the price of true federation: majority rule.

He is, of course, by no means the only Arab leader whose vocal fervor for union conceals reluctance to sacrifice national sovereignty. But Hussein has more reason to feel this way than any other. For one thing, his miniature realm would obviously have very little say in the affairs of an Arab federation. For another, no one finds it is more difficult to transcend national feelings and develop supra-national patriotism than a King (or a "Monarque manqúe" like President de Gaulle). King Hussein feels himself the incarnation and the champion of his people.

Unfortunately, however, he is not. Two-thirds of his subjects think of themselves as Palestinians, not Jordanians. For them, Jordan is no more than a halfway house to a large Arab fatherland, in whose strength they see their only hope of regaining their lost homes – or, if they are disabused on that score, at any rate some compensation for their loss. Of course, not all the former Palestinians are enthusiastic about "Union now." The refugees from what is now Israel support Nasser when he talks of returning them to their lost homelands. But many of the former Palestinians are not refugees but long-time residents of the West bank of the Jordan – a remnant of Palestine handed to Jordan by the UN in 1948. The Israeli government has suggested repeatedly that if an attempt were made to link Jordan to Egypt or Syria, Israel would take over this area in "self-defense." Not all residents of the area are sure Nasser could prevent this, and many are therefore inclined to stick with Hussein and the *status quo*.

Even so, Hussein has good reason to view the future with apprehension. Some in Amman believe he might get tolerable relations with Cairo and Damascus if only he would align his foreign policy with theirs, withdraw recognition from the Yemeni Royalists, cut loose from Saudi Arabia, establish diplomatic relations with Moscow and Peking. But it is doubtful whether this would gain him more than a delay of execution. Even if, as has sometimes been suggested, he were to give up his crown and have himself elected President, it seems highly improbable that he could come to terms with Nasser. Well over half of his subjects want something which he cannot possibly want: absorption of his kingdom in a larger whole – either a unitary Arab state such as Nasser set up with Syria in 1958, or else a Federation.

J. H. Huizinga

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The Plane Nobody Wants

by William E. Boggs

Not content with a multi-billion dollar race to the moon, the Kennedy Administration now has asked Congress to underwrite a smaller but equally foolhardy sprint into supersonic aviation. The Administration says the country needs a supersonic airliner. Why?

The decision to press forward with such a plane would never have been made by the airlines or the aircraft industry on commercial grounds. Despite an abundance of pat assurances, almost no one seriously believes that the plane can pay for itself out of fares. It will cost $1 billion or more just to build a prototype, and at least $22.6 million for each airliner. This is three times the cost of a Boeing 707. It would make sense to invest these sums if people were prepared to pay premium fares to fly on supersonic jets, or if the plane could attract many new passengers, or if one supersonic plane could do the work of three 707's. None of these possibilities is likely. Nor, in my judgment, is any combination of them likely to make the plane profitable.

But the Federal Aeronautics Administration denies this. If Congress subsidizes the plane's development, and if when it is built the airlines fill almost every seat on every run the FAA thinks it would break even. Furthermore, the FAA argues that the seats will be full, since the supersonic jet will lure passengers away from subsonic competitors. Perhaps. But this would mean simply that the airlines lose money on the other phases of their operations. In either case the plane will only be built if it gets a big subsidy from the taxpayer.

The case for giving such a subsidy was first made by an *ad hoc* committee appointed in 1961 by the Federal Aeronautics Administration. The committee cites five reasons why the taxpayers should finance what free enterprise will not: to reduce travel time on long routes; to maintain the prestige and leadership of the US in civil aviation; to prevent the outflow of gold which would result if US airlines decided to buy foreign-built supersonic aircraft; to safeguard thousands of jobs in the aircraft industry; to reap a harvest of by-products that might be useful in other industries.

None of these arguments is persuasive. Reduction of travel time is certainly desirable, but we are reaching the point of diminishing returns. In 1957 it took about 11.5 hours to get from a hotel in New York to a hotel in San Francisco by DC-7. About 25 percent of the traveler's time was spent on the ground – getting to and from the airport, waiting for take-off, and picking up baggage. Now the same trip takes about 8.5 hours. About 35 percent of this time is spent on the ground. If the supersonic airliner is built, the 1973 traveler will take about six hours from hotel to hotel. Even assuming the traffic situation at each end grows no worse, he will still spend more than three hours – half his trip – on the ground.

What will be the cost of saving two and one-half hours on a supersonic jet? In 1957 the airline fare from New York to San Francisco was $108; it is now $152. The traveler has, in other words, paid almost $15 an hour to cut his flying time by three hours. To some this may seem an attractive way to spend $44. To others it may not. But those "others" are out of luck. There are no more non-stop, non-jet flights from New York to San Francisco. The same story is likely to be repeated if the supersonic jet is built. If it isn't – if supersonic flights cost the same as subsonic ones – it will only be because the taxpayers have made up the difference in the form of federal subsidies for the airlines.

The main argument for building the supersonic airliner is that the US needs it to maintain international "prestige and leadership." As might be expected, somebody has started a rumor that the Soviets are racing to adapt one of their supersonic bombers for commercial use. The absence of any supporting evidence suggests, however, that the Soviets may be the only major air power with enough sense to sit out the race. The British and the French governments agreed last year to combine their resources (and up to $420 million in government funds) to develop an airliner called the *Concorde*, which will fly at Mach 2.2 (about 1450 miles an hour). Now on the drawing boards, the *Concorde* is scheduled for flight tests in 1966 and commercial service in 1970. There is a good chance that it will be delivered on schedule because, unlike the Mach 2.5 (1650 miles an hour plane planned by the FAA) a Mach 2.2 transport can be built of aluminum. At higher speeds air friction would heat the skin of the plane to temperatures that dangerously weaken aluminum. The faster US plane will require the development of a whole new technology for fabricating aircraft from stainless steel,

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titanium or other heat-resistant metals. This will be enormously expensive; the US plane will cost about 50 percent more than the *Concorde* and fly only 15 percent faster. The only argument for attempting a Mach 2.5 plane is that once US industry has built it, airframe manufactuers will know how to build even faster planes when more powerful engines become available. The British and French will learn much less from their aluminum machine. But will anyone want the Mach 3 or Mach 4 airliner which the US will be ready to build in 1975 or 1980?

The impact of the supersonic airliner on the balance of payments could be significant, but hardly decisive. There is no assurance that building a US supersonic airliner will prevent US airlines from buying the *Concorde*. The *Concorde* will cost around $14 million compared with $22.6 million for the US plane. Moreover, even if the *Concorde* does not pre-empt the market, the total demand for supersonic airliners is estimated at 115 by FAA Chief Najeeb E. Halaby. This means that the plane's over-all impact on the balance of payments would be around $2.5 billion spread over several years. An investment of $1 billion in research and development which produces only a $2.5 billion improvement in the balance of payments is a poor investment.

The jobs of men in the aircraft industry cannot be protected forever, and there is little to be gained by postponing the inevitable for a few years. In any case, few groups are so easily retrainable for other work.

The commercial by-products of research on a supersonic airliner are not likely to be significant. In the space race, for example, the much-heralded commercial by-products have been microscopic. Significantly, the $1.3 billion spent developing a supersonic bomber, the RS-70, has produced no by-products of consequence, and little of the development work will be useful in the closely related technology of the supersonic transport.

On the other hand, the boosters of the project have quietly dismissed the serious technical and social problems inherent in the design and operation of a supersonic airliner: safety, noise and sonic boom. Any one of these problems could prove serious enough to doom the transport to commercial failure.

The Dangers of Supersonic Flight

For one thing, the high skin temperature of supersonic planes presents designers with some formidable safety problems. At 1650 miles per hour air friction heats the skin of the plane to temperatures high enough to ignite any fuel that leaks from the tanks. And it is almost impossible to build an absolutely leakproof fuel tank. As one British aviation expert put it, there has never been an airplane that did not develop a fuel leak at some time during its life. But if a supersonic plane springs a leak, its life, and the lives of its passengers and crew, will come to an abrupt and fiery end. Although the Air Force has maintained discreet silence on the subject, fuel tank problems are the reason that the prototype of the RS-70, which was scheduled for flight tests last spring, has not yet left the ground. Eventually, the engineers will probably be able to design a fuel tank that meets safety specifications. But the plane might have to fly safely for several years to earn the confidence of the public. A single disaster, like the flaming death of the zeppelin *Hindenburg* in 1937, could shatter that confidence forever.

Even more serious are the technical problems of sonic boom and cosmic radiation. At a recent meeting of the International Council of the Aeronautical Sciences, B. K. Lundberg, head of the Aeronautical Research institute of Sweden, urged that the development of the supersonic airliner be discontinued because these two problems were insoluble.

Sonic boom is the result of shock waves generated at the nose and tail of a plane flying at supersonic speed. When a supersonic airliner passes overhead, residents of towns and cities in a zone 50 miles wide along its flight path will hear the boom as a pair of explosions. Contrary to popular opinion, supersonic plane booms continuously; the boom is not restricted to the instant at which the plane crashes the sound barrier, although it is loudest at that time. Because the plane "tows" a cone of shock waves as it flies, an observer on the ground hears or feels the boom only at the instant the wave front passes. If the planes fly lower than 25,000 feet, their booms will shatter windows and crack the plaster in buildings.

The FAA assumes that the public will come to accept sonic booms, and to support this view cites a study made by the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Chicago. The study is based on interviews with residents of areas near Air Force bases where supersonic planes take off and land. According to the FAA's interpretation, the study indicated that there was "scattered public reaction" to booms as loud as those of a supersonic transport cruising at 40,000 feet; there was a stronger reaction to louder booms, equivalent to those of an SST when it cracks the sound barrier shortly after takeoff. To prevent any unofficial (and perhaps less generous) interpretation, the Air Force has classified the result of the study.

In addition to booming, the SST will make more subsonic noise than even the largest existing jets. On the ground, and during takeoffs and landings, its thundering engines and the piercing scream of their compressors will sound like a passing express train with its whistle wide open. Even now, jet noise seems to be reaching the limit of public tolerance. Last year, in the case of *Griggs* v *The County of Allegheny* (which

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operates the Greater Pittsburgh Airport), the US Supreme Court upheld the right of private citizens to seek relief if low-flying aircraft lowered the value of their property. Thousands of suits are now pending against airports across the country.

Representative Roman C. Pucinski (D, Ill.), whose district lies east of Chicago's O'Hare Field, has already introduced a bill to prohibit overland flights by supersonic planes that produce booms that exceed a specified minimum noise level: "Because no action was taken prior to the advent of the jet to establish maximum noise standards," he argues, "millions of Americans today are suffering intolerable discomfort from excessive noise in areas removed several miles from jet airports. Since sonic boom can never be eliminated, or even reduced to moderate levels, public hostility may eventually force the government to restrict supersonic aircraft to transoceanic routes. This would seriously limit the market for the planes.

Furthermore, to prevent "intolerable" booms (those that might terrify the public and damage buildings on the ground), the supersonic airliner will have to climb to about 40,000 feet before breaking the sound barrier, and will have to cruise at altitudes up to 70,000 feet. The thinner air at this altitude will permit greater fuel economy, and will reduce the heating caused by air friction. But flying at this altitude means the passengers and crew no longer have the dense lower atmosphere to shield them from cosmic rays and bursts of intense nuclear radiation from storms on the sun. The FAA discounts this danger. Its recent report on the supersonic airliner states that major solar disturbances can now be predicted 15 minutes in advance, which will give the planes enough time to drop to safe altitudes (below 50,000 feet). This is hard to believe. Even assuming a forecast was relayed to the air traffic control centers immediately, it would be difficult and dangerous to assign new altitudes and readjust the air traffic pattern of every plane over the continental US in 15 minutes.

Radiation's Hazards

The report concludes that radiation will not be "a hazard to either passengers or crew." The authors do not define what they mean by "hazard." As every radiologist knows, any dose of radiation is a hazard. A very small dose is "safe" only in the sense that it will not cause death or radiation sickness; it will still increase an individual's chances of developing leukemia and of producing abnormal children.

At sea level, the average American receives much more radiation from cosmic rays than from fallout. At 60,000 to 70,000 feet, cosmic rays are 200 times more intense than at sea level. A pilot or a stewardess who makes two round trips to Europe each week on a supersonic transport will spend over 700 hours a year being exposed to nature's most powerful source of high-energy radiation. The thin metal skin of the plane will provide very little protection; in fact, the metal itself will produce dangerous secondary radiation under the bombardment of cosmic rays. Passengers, too, will be irradiated.

Why expose ourselves to all these difficulties at such great expense? Not, certainly, because air travelers want it. Passengers complain about almost everything from lost luggage and inconvenient departure hours to high fares, but almost nobody complains that jet planes are too slow. The airlines know this, and they have shown little enthusiasm for the supersonic airliner. They know that to attain economic health they must attract more passengers, and that the most profitable way to do this is with lower costs and lower fares. They must speed up and simplify the process of getting from the center of town to the airport and back; and most of all, they must impress the public with the safety of traveling by air. The supersonic airliner contributes nothing to any of these objectives.

Unfortunately, nobody is likely to say any of this very loudly to Congress. US airlines fear that subsidized foreign airlines might lure away passengers with the *Concorde*; they do not want to offend the FAA, which is wedded to the project; nor do they want to hurt the manufacturers, who are fighting for survival now that the manned bomber is *passé*. The Administration has asked Congress for $60 million for preliminary work on the plane this year, and ultimately will ask Congress to contribute at least $750 million for research and development. Some of this might be recovered by charging the airlines a "royalty" of 1.5 percent on their revenues from supersonic planes. On the other hand, the estimate of $750 million is probably low, for it assumes that the plane can be developed for only $1 billion, and that the industry will be willing to put up another $250 million. Industry spokesmen think that this is too much. C. R. Smith, president of American Airlines, recently warned that we might get a supersonic airliner if the government insisted on this commitment from industry. He suggested that $45 million might be a more appropriate contribution.

In part, no doubt, the Administration's decision to press on with this venture reflects the national mania for speed. If we spend billions for cars that will do 120 miles an hour, even though we can reach our destinations as quickly in Volkswagens, why not follow the same policy in the air? But in part the decision to push for the supersonic airliner reflects a commitment to technical leadership at any price – even, perhaps, at the price of spending a billion dollars for a plane that will be dangerous, noisy, expensive and unnecessary.

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Bulldozers and Bureaucrats

by Wolf Von Eckardt

From the elegant offices of the Boston Redevelopment Authority on the eleventh floor of the City Hall Annex, the heart of Boston looked as if it had been bombed. Years ago decay and neglect had turned the area around Scollay Square into a semi-slum of flophouses and burlesque theaters. Now urban renewal had turned it into a huge, yawning crater. A seemingly aimless bulldozer crawled lazily in the raw earth.

Edward J. Logue, Boston's renewal director, abruptly swiveled his chair toward the window. "Two or three years from now we'll see a brand new city down there," he said in his debonair manner. "Its a damned miracle."

There are, by recent count, about 1,400 of such federally assisted "damned miracles" taking place in 700 cities and towns across the country. They are wrought by Title I of the US Housing Act of 1949, as frequently amended – also known (with equal justification) as "urban renewal," "urban devastation," "Negro removal" and "dehousing." Some urban renewal projects should, indeed, be damned. Some, however, promise new vitality and perhaps even beauty for our cities.

The new Government Center which will rise on the crater that was Boston's Scollay Square, along with Baltimore's Charles Center, San Francisco's Golden Gateway, New York's Lincoln Center and Washington's Southwest, surely promise urban renewal, and auspicious renewal at that. But Boston's West End project, just a few blocks away, is typical of the now scorned but still prevalent "urban devastation" approach. Beginning in 1958 an entire residential neighborhood, predominantly Italian, was bulldozed. To the renewers, as to most of us, it was a disgraceful slum. But our disgrace was also home and refuge for the people who lived there. Furthermore, five years after these people were "relocated," as the official term has it, their neighborhood is still a 48-acre wasteland. On its edge have risen only two of architect Victor Gruen's forbidding luxury apartments, and a handful of drab townhouses looking for occupants.

When Title I was drafted 14 years ago, its aim was simple and plausible. The slums were to be cleared with the government's power of eminent domain and replaced with "decent, safe and sanitary" housing. Nobody who counted was then worried about rehabilitating downtown commercial property. Title I enabled the government to sell the cleared land at less than cost to private developers. The idea was (and is) to attract free enterprise into the slum clearance business and to let private capital provide housing for the multitudes. "No more slums in 10 years," was the slogan. Unfortunately, it has not worked out that way.

If the location seems attractive, the developers respond with alacrity. But they are not able to provide new housing for the predominantly poor and predominantly Negro slum dwellers the Title I program displaces. This is due, of course, to the fact that it costs a great deal of money to build even the drab, wire-fenced monuments which are the usual fruits of the public housing dream. The slum dweller just cannot afford "decent, safe, sanitary" housing of recent vintage unless someone else pays part of the bill. And as Charles Abrams, a New York lawyer who has been in the thick of the battle for decent housing since the New Deal, says puffing through his cigar, "The housing we need requires more subsidies than mere land write-down." The Federal Housing Administration further complicates this problem by imposing middle-class standards for such things as front yards, electric outlets and plumbing. Only if these standards are met will the FHA

This is the first of six articles on urban renewal; others will deal in detail with the racial aspect of renewal, the reconstruction of downtown business centers, the rehabilitation of decaying neighborhoods, the failure of urban planning, and possible ways to improve urban renewal programs. During the three months he was preparing these articles, Wolf Von Eckardt *visited Boston, Providence, New Haven, Hartford, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Mr. Von Eckardt is an architectural writer, whose books include* Eric Mendelsohn *and a forthcoming book on public housing projects,* Life for Dead Spaces. *He also edited the book* Mid-Century Architecture in America.

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guarantee a construction loan. Its outlook is that of a glass-eyed banker whose mother never scrubbed him in a wash tub. The best estimate is that of all the housing FHA has financed, only one-half of one percent has been for people with an annual income under $5,000. These are, of course, precisely the people whose dwellings urban renewal bulldozes.

So despite the Congressional prescription of 1949 for "a decent home in a suitable living environment for every American family," the slums remain with us. But that is not all. Since the early fifties, we have become aware that the ills of the city are bigger and more terrifying than the slums. We have begun to see that the whole central city is decaying physically and economically. Downtown business moves to suburbia, and decay spreads its blight over the once neat rows of middle-class houses, turning them into semi-slums or gray areas. Only the outer city, hopscotching further and further into the country, is considered a desirable habitat for the growing American middle class.

There has always been, of course, outward movement. The happy cycle sociologists call "upward mobility" has constantly lured Americans out of the city as soon as they had the carfare. Their old city homes were taken over by poorer and more recent immigrants. The Italians followed the Irish and the Jews followed the Italians, until each became affluent. As the cycle progressed, apartments came to house two, three and even five times more people than they were built for. It might have gone on forever. But when the Negroes and Puerto Ricans arrived, upward mobility and the American dream seem to have come to an end.

"The Rich, Poor, Old and Peculiar"

In-migration, the automobile and government-insured mortgages have suddenly accelerated this happy cycle and turned it into a vicious circle. The automobile and FHA loans have brought within reach of millions the dream of a house all one's own (in a lily-white neighborhood) with a lawn in front and a swing for the kids in back. These young, white, ambitious Americans are fleeing the run-down and congested cities, taking their business with them, depriving the city of both tax income and leadership. The men come back only on weekdays from nine to five, demanding many of the old amenities, plus highways and parking (for which they pay no taxes). The immigrants require more welfare and education than the emigrants, and have less taxable income to pay for it.

With greater demands on a dwindling tax base, the city is further run down, and more middle-class residents flee, until, as someone observed, the city is left to "the rich, poor, old and peculiar." Between 1950 and 1960 New Haven lost eight percent of its population. Washington and Boston lost 10, etc., etc. The figures are about the same for most larger cities. Yet the Negro population has increased in most of these same cities. Chicago for instance, in the last Census decade, gained 65 percent in Negroes and lost 13 percent of its whites. The American city is rapidly becoming a Negro ghetto – and not a voluntary ghetto either.

No wonder, then, that the urban renewal emphasis has shifted from slum clearance *per se* to reconstructing the urban tax base by bringing business and the affluent back into the city. Alarmed downtown businessmen's associations, in particular, now want elegant apartments, office buildings and cultural attractions, not just for art's sake but for the cash register. And everyone hopes, vaguely, that the benefits will trickle down into the ghetto.

Urban renewal's concern for downtown has diverted it from its original aim of providing good housing for all. And the renewers are aware that the situation is currently muddled. Mostly as a result of the Housing Act revisions of 1961, the federal government is encouraging cities to set up priorities for community renewal. There are now elaborate efforts to ease the pains of relocation. The Federal Urban Renewal Administration now allows additional subsidies to cities which wish to sell cleared land at less than cost for buildings for people with moderate incomes. There is an effort to restore rather than demolish declining neighborhoods. All these programs and others are, however, still experimental. It is too early to assess their effect.

Furthermore, federal activity in this field still moves in many contradictory directions at once. There is again talk of trying to pull all federal activities together into a cabinet-level "Department of Community Development," but there is every reason to suppose Congress will reject this, just as it earlier rejected the proposed Department of Urban Affairs. In the meanwhile, the direction of urban renewal remains in the hands of William Slayton's Urban Renewal Administration (URA), with some 150 employees. URA is a part of the Housing and Home Finance Agency (HHFA), headed by Dr. Robert C. Weaver.

The legal mechanics of URA's Title I program are simple. Its formula is based on the ancient, sovereign right of the state to appropriate property for public use (whether the owner consents or not). Our Fifth Amendment requires "just compensation," which is determined by independent real estate appraisers and, if necessary, the courts. In the past this power has been exercised for "public *use*," such as military installations, public works and, more recently, public housing. Title I gave the states the right to exercise the power of eminent domain for "the public *benefit*" as well, *i.e.*, urban renewal. In 1954 the Supreme Court (Berman *v* Parker) upheld this power. "It is within the power of

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the legislature," the Court said, "to determine that the community shall be beautiful as well as clean, well-balanced as well as carefully patrolled." Forty-five of the 50 states (Idaho, Louisiana, South Carolina, Utah and Wyoming excepted) have taken up this offer, empowering their communities to "certify" buildings and areas for redevelopment. The local government then purchases the properties, clears them of buildings and resells the land to private developers who will fulfill the new purpose.

If the local redevelopment program is deemed "workable" by federal standards, the federal government contributes up to three-quarters of its net expense. The definition of what is "workable" fills a heavy tome, to which new directives and regulations are constantly added. They aim to assure that the local communities asking for federal assistance are willing to undertake a long-range program of slum prevention, enforce their housing and building codes, relocate displaced people in a humane manner, and do their planning and rebuilding with the participation and approval of a representative citizen's advisory committee.

Renewal, as its federal administrators keep emphasizing, is thus entirely initiated, planned and executed by the local community. Not all the projects cooked up in the political quagmire where the "grass roots" flourish necessarily deserve federal support. Many a high-cost and high-rise apartment project in our cities has been developed with tax money solely to stop Negro encroachments into some alderman's district.

A good deal of federally assisted rebuilding and rehabilitation is, in fact, originated not in city hall but in private neighborhood meetings. The impressive rehabilitation of Hyde Park-Kenwood, adjacent to the University of Chicago, is one of many examples.

It is a challenge to rebuild cities on the quicksands of local politics, in the labyrinth of municipal government and in the sway of the hot emotions of people who stand to lose their home or gain their fortunes. And the challenge attracts an unusual number of competent people. In visiting a dozen cities, I encountered plenty of sullen, defensive bureaucrats and slick, public relations-minded types, but more often I was impressed, with calm and knowledgeable idealism in all ranks of the urban renewal effort. I found men like Ed Logue in Boston, Richard Steiner in Baltimore and Justin Herman in San Francisco who had not only mastered the jargon of economists, architects, builders, planners and social workers but had made themselves at home with mayors, aldermen and citizens committees too. I was particularly glad to find many Negroes among the most impressive renewal workers in important positions.

Ed Logue's work in Boston is not, perhaps, typical, but it is instructive. Logue had been assistant to Chester Bowles; then he was director of Mayor Richard Lee's urban renewal program in New Haven. He came to Boston in 1961, when the misconceived demolition of the West End had put all urban renewal in bad odor. Indeed, this fiasco still haunts him. Yet, he drew up a bold 10-year renewal plan to cover a quarter of the city. For a combined city and federal expenditure of $90 million and, of course, many times that amount in hopefully expected private investment, several downtown areas, the historic Beacon Hill district, the waterfront, and a number of residential areas will be restored to health.

Who Will Rent to a Colored Family?

Logue is especially proud of the effort to rehabilitate Washington Park out in Roxbury. Washington Park was once a ritzy Carpenter Gothic suburb for well-to-do merchants. Its old trees now conceal what is in part an eerie, rural slum such as you'd expect to find in Mississippi rather than Boston. With the painstakingly solicited participation of the area's inhabitants (all of them Negroes but of varying economic status), the old Charles Addams houses will mostly be repaired and renovated. The hopeless ones will be replaced by new dwellings, new schools or community facilities. The streets and parks will be spruced up. "We are going to have a beautiful new neighborhood," Washington Park residents told me.

Such neighborhood rehabilitation, in active cooperation with the residents, is a much nurtured new trend in urban renewal. It is far more complex and often far more expensive than the old cataclysmic kind. Logue was one of its pioneers at Wooster Square in New Haven. Chicago's Hyde Park-Kenwood and Baltimore's Harlem Park are other examples. Even in those rehabilitated areas people must be evicted, for rehabilitation means eliminating the five-to-a-room apartments.

Evictions are the main point of departure for the attacks on Logue and, for that matter, on all urban renewers. Not that all those evicted love the rat-infested crime-ridden areas from which they are being uprooted. But where are they to go? Who would rent an apartment to a colored family on relief with a blind father and 14 children, two of whom are in prison and one of whom is on probation for shoplifting?

Public housing won't have them. More often than not there are long waiting lists, even though families displaced by renewal have priority. Furthermore, public housing, partly because of legal restrictions and partly in fear of more harassment, is a cold-blooded real estate operation. It does not accept people whose children lack birth certificates, whose morality is otherwise found wanting, or who have ever owed a landlord. Our slums are full of such people. If you want to tone up a neigh-

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borhood, removing them is sometimes helpful. But they mostly just move across the street.

"What is disturbing to me," HHFA Administrator Weaver has recently said, "is the opportunity missed by communities to seize this moment of relocation to bring about the social rehabilitation of the family. For it is just at the moment that a family has been uprooted, has been provided through relocation with the means of establishing a new home, and has been brought into contact – some for the first time and many for re-acquaintance – with the social agencies of the community, that miracles can be accomplished."

Boston and other communities are trying hard now to seize the moment. Even home economists are added to the relocation staff. They help families to rebudget their finances: pay less for a car, perhaps, and a little more for new housing. In Baltimore, people are visited by social workers – "given the social work saturation treatment," Dick Steiner called it – as long as a year before they must move. The social workers try to uncover what family problems there are, attempt to solve them, and try to teach them better mores and manners – how to repair furniture, not to fatten rats or throw garbage into each other's yards, and even to sew better clothes – so as to make them more welcome in their new quarters. "Hell," said a young renewal official, "what right do we have to tell people how to behave and keep themselves clean? We set out to renew buildings and here we find ourselves trying to renew people. Urban renewal spends far less than the city welfare department. Yet urban renewal is always blamed for 'neglecting the human element!' "

Saturation Treatment

Under Weaver's and Slayton's New Frontier regime the blame is less and less justified. Yet, even now, when relocation has become urban renewal's foremost concern, it can help only a few of the poor to substantially better quarters and a better life. Statistics are hard to come by since people are always moving about. The law requires that every person displaced by urban renewal be located in standard housing, up to $200 moving expense paid. In the initial panic caused by rumors of impending demolition, however, many people move before a relocation worker ever reaches them. Others, whose vocations or habits give them an excessive sense of privacy, quietly slip away after the first contact. And those who are officially helped, "social work saturation" or not, are just moved somewhere into the vast gray areas of the city where they can afford the rents. Furthermore, renewal displacement accounts for only half of all displacement due to government action. Forty percent is due to highway construction, 10 percent to sundry public works, such as schools or fire-houses. Those in the path of a highway get only 30 days notice and nothing more, although in a few cities the mayor has lately asked the urban renewal relocation workers to take care of the victims.

It is thus questionable how "standard" the new homes of the displaced are, and how long they will remain standard after more people are crowded in. But there is no question that as long as we keep the suburbs closed to Negroes and build no new low-rent housing, we just keep pushing the slums around.

This indignation has caused increasing opposition to urban renewal. Conservatives who have discovered the slums for the first time, and liberals who have discovered that urban renewal "takes land from the poor to sell it to the rich," have formed an odd alliance against it.

In Chicago, an urban renewal bond issue was soundly defeated in April, 1962, and stopped all new programs. Similar, though less important bond issues, have gone down in other cities. Mayor Lee of New Haven, who once aroused his whole city to urban renewal, now prefers to talk of other things when facing the voters. No mayor has yet been elected governor on his city's renewal effort. Richardson Dilworth, whose Philadelphia record was splendid, will readily confirm this.

Only the downtown projects, like Boston's Scollay Square Government Center, remain comparatively popular, for they involve little relocation. Indeed, it is startling how successful and daring the renewers have been downtown. Extending over 22 of Boston's oldest streets, the now devastated Scollay Square-Haymarket area will be transformed into an elegant plaza, framing a new city hall and framed itself by a carefully layed out array of 14 public and private office buildings with shops and parking garages. The scheme was conceived by architect-planner I. M. Pei on a scale and grandeur approaching the Piazza San Marco. Its detailed design, on Logue's insistence, will be supervised by a panel of some of the country's leading architects. The design of the new city hall, a startling, high-legged, Le Corbusier-esque adventure in somewhat brutal architectural common sense, was the result of a national competition. It has written the names of three hitherto unknown young architects, Gerald M. Kallman, Noel M. McKinnel and Edward F. Knowles, into the pages of Boston's august architectural history – along with Charles Bulfinch and H. H. Richardson. All this in what is otherwise one of the least progressive cities in America.

Yet, much of what the new Government Center might do to pump new life into downtown Boston is likely to be undone by the rivaling Prudential Center, a privately financed affair in the Back Bay, dominated by a monstrous 52-story office tower. Under its front yard will run an equally monstrous toll road, courtesy of the crafty William F. Callahan, whose last hurrah is the

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chairmanship of the Massachusetts Turnpike Authority. A well-functioning organism can have but one heart and cannot be pierced by eight lanes of speeding motor automobiles.

The Back Bay folly illustrates an as yet unacknowledged dilemma of urban renewal not only in Boston but around the country: the almost total lack of effective overall planning in our cities. Almost everywhere the new downtown centers, waterfronts, luxury apartments, rare and experimental low-rent housing developments, rehabilitation areas and industrial parks are arbitrarily grafted onto the old city tissue. Privately financed construction, furthermore, follows the vagaries of real estate speculation rather than any grand strategy to restore order and efficiency to the city. The downtown expressways follow only the whims of the highway engineers and sometimes of politicians, slashing and girdling the city. Only Philadelphia has a working master plan worthy of the name. It was drafted by Edmund R. Bacon, the only American planner who is also an artist.

I asked Ed Logue what, in the absence of a workable vision, all the digging and building would in the end add up to. He leaned back in his chair. But he is never long lost for an answer. "We can't try to play God," he said. And as I left him the urban renewal bulldozers kept crawling below as they keep crawling all over urban America. Indeed they must, if we hope to break the vicious circle that now grinds down the city. There is no alternative.

The March on Washington

by Murray Kempton

The most consistent quality of white America's experience with the Negro is that almost nothing happens that we – or perhaps even he – expects to have happen. Faithful to that tradition, Washington waited most of the summer for the avenging Negro army to march on Washington for Jobs and Freedom; what came was the largest religious pilgrimage of Americans that any of us is ever likely to see.

When it was over, Malcolm X, the Muslim, was observed in the lobby of the Statler. It had, he conceded, been something of a show. "Kennedy," said Malcolm X, "should win the Academy Award – for direction." Yet while the President may have triumphed as director-manipulator, he was also deftly manipulated by those whom he strove to direct.

"When the Negro leaders announced the march, the President asked them to call it off," Bayard Rustin, its manager, remembered the next day. "When they thumbed – when they told him they wouldn't – he almost smothered us. We had to keep raising our demands . . . to keep him from getting ahead of us."

Rustin and A. Philip Randolph are men who had to learn long ago that in order to handle they must first permit themselves to be handled. The moment in that afternoon which most strained belief was near its end, when Rustin led the assemblage in a mass pledge never to cease until they had won their demands. A radical pacifist, every sentence punctuated by his upraised hand, was calling for a $2 an hour minimum wage. Every television camera at the disposal of the networks was upon him. No expression one-tenth so radical has ever been seen or heard by so many Americans.

To produce this scene had taken some delicate maneuvering. Randolph called the march last spring at a moment when the civil rights groups had fallen into a particularly painful season of personal rancor. Randolph is unique because he accepts everyone in a movement whose members do not always accept one another. His first support came from the non-violent actionists; they hoped for passionate protest. That prospect was Randolph's weapon; the moderates had to come in or be defenseless against embarrassing disorder. Randolph welcomed them not just with benevolence but with genuine gratitude. When President Kennedy expressed his doubts, Randolph answered that some demonstration was unavoidable and that what had to be done was to make it orderly.

It was the best appeal that feeling could make to calculation. The White House knew that the ordinary Negro cherishes the Kennedy brothers and that the larger the assemblage the better disposed it would be not to embarrass them. When the President finally mentioned the march in public, he issued something as close as possible to a social invitation.

No labor leader since John L. Lewis in 1933 has succeeded in employing the President of the United States

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as an organizer. Even Lewis only sent his organizers about the pits telling the miners that the President wanted them to join the union, and was careful never to tell Mr. Roosevelt about it. Randolph got his President live, whole and direct.

If the march was important, it was because it represented an acceptance of the Negro revolt as part of the American myth, and so an acceptance of the revolutionaries into the American establishment. That acceptance, of course, carries the hope that the Negro revolt will stop where it is. Yet that acceptance is also the most powerful incentive and assurance that the revolt will continue. The children from Wilmington, North Carolina, climbed back on their buses with the shining memory of a moment when they marched with all America – a memory to sustain them when they return to march alone. So it was, too, for all the others who came from Birmingham, Montgomery, Danville, Gadsden and Jackson – places whose very names evoke not only the cause but the way it is being won.

Gray from Jail, Haggard from Tension

The result of such support – the limits it placed on the spectacle – was illustrated by the experience of John Lewis, chairman of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee. Lewis is only 25; his only credential for being there was combat experience; he has been arrested 22 times and beaten half as often. The Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee is a tiny battalion, its members gray from jail and exhausted from tension. They have the gallant cynicism of troops of the line; they revere Martin Luther King (some of them) as a captain who has faced the dogs with them and they call him with affectionate irreverence, "De Lawd." We could hardly have had this afternoon without them.

Lewis, in their spirit, had prepared a speech full of temereties about how useless the civil rights bill is and what frauds the Democrats and Republicans are. Three of the white speakers told Randolph that they could not appear at a platform where such sedition was pronounced, and John Lewis had to soften his words in deference to elders. Equal rights for the young to say their say may, perhaps, come later.

Yet Lewis' speech, even as laundered, remained discomfiting enough to produce a significant tableau at its end. "My friends," he said, "let us not forget that we are engaged in a significant social revolution. By and large American politics is dominated by politicians who build their careers on immoral compromising and ally themselves with open forums of political, economic and social exploitation." When he had finished, every Negro on the speakers' row pumped his hand and patted his back; and every white one looked out into the distance.

So even in the middle of this ceremony of reconciliation, the void between the Negro American and a white one remained. Or rather, it did and it didn't. At one point, Martin King mentioned with gratitude the great number of white people (about 40,000 to 50,000 out of an estimated 200,000) who had joined the march. There was little response from the platform – where it must have seemed formal courtesy – but as the sound of those words moved across the great spaces between King and the visitors from the Southern towns, there was the sudden sight and sound of Negroes cheering far away. Nothing all afternoon was quite so moving as the sight of these people, whose trust has been violated so often in the particular, proclaiming it so touchingly intact in the general.

We do not move the Negro often, it would seem, and we do it only when we are silent and just standing there. On the speakers' stand there was the inevitable Protestant, Catholic and Jew without which no national ceremony can be certified. Is it hopeless to long for a day when the white brother will just once accept the duty to march, and forego the privilege to preach? Dr. Eugene Carson Blake of the National Council of Churches told the audience that the Protestants were coming and "late we come." It was the rarest blessing – an apology. We have begun to stoop a little; and yet it is so hard for us to leave off condescending.

We cannot move the Negro by speaking, because the public white America seems to know no words except the ones worn out from having been so long unmeant. Even if they are meant now, they have been empty too long not to *sound* empty still; whatever our desires, our language calls up only the memory of the long years when just the same language served only to convey indifference.

Yet the Negro moves us most when he touches our memory, even as we chill him most when we touch his. August 28 was to many whites only a demonstration of power and importance until Mahalia Jackson arose to sing the old song about having been rebuked and scorned and going home. Then King near the end began working as country preachers do, the words for the first time not as to listeners but as to participants, the intimate private conversation of invocation and response. For just those few minutes, we were back where this movement began and has endured, older than the language of the society which was taking these pilgrims in, but still fresh where the newer language was threadbare.

The Negro comes from a time the rest of us have forgotten; he seems new and complicated only because he represents something so old and simple. He reminds us that the new, after which we have run so long, was back there all the time. Something new will some day be said, and it will be something permanent, if it starts from such a memory.

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City of Dreadful Night

by Richard Gilman

The temptation is almost irresistible – and I don't suppose I shall be able to withstand it entirely – to try to score off John Rechy's *City of Night*, to set up against its grotesque and graceless exhibition a scintillating road show of your own. This fictionalized account of a homosexual *wanderjahre* is so pervasively bad, so ludicrous a performance at all but one or two points, yet so strenuously intended to be big and revelatory and dangerous, that putting it down seems like the clearest of cultural duties. Well, cultural duties have a way of turning into opportunities for a display of the self, and indeed a good deal of what I have read or heard about the book since it came out has been characterized by just this public honing of wit and invective at the expense of the issues which Rechy's painful and symptomatic creation, and the painful and symptomatic popular response to it, have raised.

City of Night
by John Rechy
(Grove; $5.95)

As I say, I sympathize with critics like Alfred Chester. It is so satisfying to play the game and so easy: for example, the line I would love to pursue is a theory of how Grove Press, dismayed by the failure of the age to produce enough ugly, outrageous, know-nothing yet *vital* and *talented* writers on its own, has finally been compelled to fashion one in the office. And it is even easier and more pleasurable to score off Rechy psychologically, by establishing – or at any rate asserting – how much more complex and mature are your own ideas about sex and love than his. We all like to think the mantle they took off D. H. Lawrence when he died fits us, don't we?

Yet I can't see what all this has to do with criticism. I don't know how it can take account of the dreadful earnestness – which could never have been faked or formulated – of *City of Night*; or of the reasons why it should be so widely regarded, by even such a substantial and putatively reliable witness as James Baldwin, as a sort of furious masterpiece of new statement; or, most central of all, of the really dramatic way it illustrates the present widespread confusion of art and life. There exists these days a naïve and cave-dwelling commitment to extreme situations and modes of behavior, a hang-up on perversity and perversion as sources of aesthetic truth, and John Rechy's lugubrious book is *its* masterpiece.

Not that there is anything at all extreme about the pressure, temperature and effect of *City of Night*, which is exactly what makes the whistles and the eyebrows that have been going up so truly disheartening. Surely the most ferocious of the many ironies that surround the book is the fact that it should promise so much shock and perturbation and turn out to be so flat, cowed and inhibited. From one end to the other Rechy's work smells of repression, both psychological and imaginative, and of narcissism of an especially depleting and devitalizing kind. Perhaps the most unpleasant aspect of the response to the book is that among many of its admirers this enervation and onanistic self-embrace is seen as strength, or, on a subtler level, as exemplary and sacrificial: *our* story, told for us by a new culture-hero.

It is a case, evidently, of the wish being father to the thought. The particular activities that are chronicled in *City of Night* – male prostitution, camping, erotic degradation of various kinds – are real, sanguinary and extreme enough in themselves, but what happens to them in Rechy's unwizardly and weakness-diffusing hands is another matter. Whatever this blue-jeaned *voyage à la bout de la nuit* may have been in actuality it has not survived its metamorphosis into literature, it has no status in the imagination nor any cautionary, redemptive or insurrectionary power. And since bad writing corrupts by recoil the life it is drawn from, the last sad effect of Rechy's book is to lay under a heavier onus than before the events and feelings which he presumably wished with such desperation to understand and to redeem.

I have been calling his work a "book" and the reason for this is that I am unable to find a way to call it a novel. This may seem to be an academic matter, but it is actually at the center of what I think is wrong with *City of Night*. The novel is the most open of genres in our time, but we can still give it a basic definition as a long piece of imaginative prose in which a transformation takes place – experience, from whatever realm, being converted into form. This form is then the justification and truth of the experience, instead of, as in Rechy's attempt and in certain works of Mailer and Kerouac, most outraged poetry, a large part of Baldwin's *Another Country* and all of James Jones, the experience trying to justify the form or its deficiencies. What all these works have in common, though they are of course of greatly uneven value, is that, in Yeats' phrase, they exhibit the will doing the work of the imagination, and that they rest to one degree or another – Rechy's most completely – on a belief in the direct convertability of experience into art, indeed on the identity of certain kinds of experience with art.

If what I have been saying is true, then *City of Night* isn't a string of short stories either, as most reviewers have described it, since none of its parts, with the dubious exception of the well-known *Miss Destiny* episode, is developed, seized from the chaos and interchangeability of raw material and given an ineluctable shape, none is released from the melancholy of potential being through the actuality of style.

The account of a homosexual *wander-*

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jahre, I called it, and this seems to me accurate on several grounds. In the first place the book simply sets down, with autobiographical fidelity we may assume, the sexual things (there are no others) that happened to its author, and the thoughts – treated like things – that occurred to him in a number of cities over a period that feels like a year. (And if it should turn out that nothing of all this really happened to Rechy, that he wrote it from someone else's story, it wouldn't disturb the description or indictment, since the book would then be another person's biography, but that person still blind, rigid, untalented and hence unable to tell us anything interesting or convincing about himself.) Beyond that there is at its back the pressure of a vague search for *meaning*, a decision to go picaresquely around an established circuit of warranted possibilities and a belief that the wandering will in itself supply the reasons for having undertaken it.

The narrative proper begins in New York, where Rechy, or his fictional "I," enters upon his life as a male prostitute. First, however, there is a segment of early history, a flashback to an El Paso boyhood, in which an attempt is made to uncover the psychic and emotional origins of the malady (instructively enough, it is never referred to as one, being described instead as a "restlessness," a "hunger," an "inner anarchy," and so on). The whole section, which sets the tone for endless self-confabulation to follow, is extraordinarily embarrassing, the quintessence of derivative Freudianism and adolescent substitution of grandiose categories and hypostatized states of being for concrete acts and sensations. Any page you turn to will yield lines like these:

> "I hate you – you're a failure – as a man – as a father!"
>
> "From my father's inexplicable hatred of me and my mother's blind carniverous love, I fled to the Mirror. I would stand before it thinking: I have only Me!"

It is not a digression but the essence of any consideration of *City of Night* if a few more remarks are made right here about Rechy's lamentable style. One calls it that for want of a better word, but it is in fact nothing but an infinitely derivative literary manner, its elements appropriated by Rechy from among whatever has seemed to him to have been sanctioned and frozen as "important" writing about quests and young men's fevers. He is able occasionally to capture the speech of queens and hustlers, that is to say when he is reporting and not composing, but if there is anything that undercuts the book's pretensions to rebellion and savage new light-bringing, it is the nearly unbroken conformism of its preponderant style.

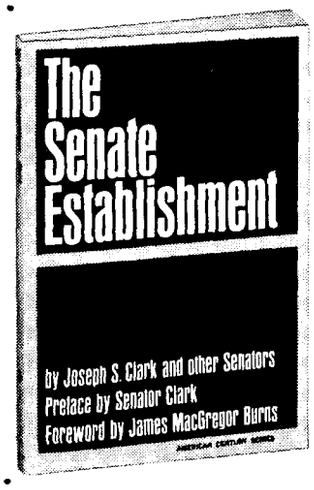
From his ugly compound words ("darkcities," "angryfaces," "somefarwhere") to his sonorously clichéd renderings of encounters and self-encounters ("we cling to each other in a kind of franticness"; "the restlessness welled insatiable inside me"; ". . . I get the feeling . . . that silence is a person listening to me, watching . . .") and dismally arty evocations of place (Chicago has "wounded streets," New York is a "heaven-piercing" city) it is possible to see influences as diverse as Thomas Wolfe, Nelson Algren, Kerouac, James T. Farrell and, as Mr. Chester pointed out, Truman Capote and Djuna Barnes, but there may be a hundred others lurking behind these.

The point is that Rechy is endlessy susceptible to influence because he can bring none of his own to bear. Kierkegaard said that if a man has true ideas he has style immediately, and Rechy has no ideas, true or otherwise; he only possesses what *happened* to him. The result is that it has to come out sounding as though it happened to someone else, or rather – much worse – as though it never happened at all but was always marooned in "literature."

Between these two paradoxical and reciprocal fates – to be nothing but an accumulation of atrocious and unmediated facts and at the same time to be nothing but a deposit of gelid literary borrowings – *City of Night* spends almost all of its existence. When Rechy's narrator has had enough of hustling in Times Square, he moves on to the next scene, to Los Angeles, the center of the outdoor cult and legendary slave market, then to San Francisco, then Chicago, and finally New Orleans, for Mardi Gras and the ultimate Revelation. "And I think: Beyond all this – beyond that window and the churning world, out of all, all this, something to be found: some undiscovered country within the heart itself. . . ."

This is the rhythm and the vocabulary we have been dealing with all along: the portentous music, the repetitions, the windy nonsense about "something else," a Truth still to be discovered, while what does exist – the sexual transactions and sexual prowling – are entirely deprived of their weight and specificity and anguish by Rechy's refusal to really look at them, to call them by their names or to see them in any perspective except their own. When a writer continually employs indefinite nouns like "something," "somewhere," "someone," it is a sure sign that he is still mired in adolescence, in the age of Titles instead of names, Feeling instead of emotions, Desire instead of wants.

There are times when the lacerating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actuality of what is happening to him and his inability to understand it or even to confront it bring Rechy to a frustration that is close to paroxism, and bring us to a degree of pity:

> ". . . this was the moment when I could crush symbolically (as in a dream once in which I had stamped out all the hatred in the world) whatever of innocence still remained in me (crush that and something else – something else surely lurking – but what? – what!!)"

He never finds out of course; it is in the nature of such writing that one doesn't find out. But the passage I have just quoted does reveal one motive about which Rechy is perfectly straightforward, if irretrievably dishonest with himself. He wishes, he says, to stamp out innocence in himself, and the events of the book in fact derive what continuity they have from this process, which, however, like Rechy's search for an equivalent to Love, is much more a matter of gaining in brutality, ignorance and self-deception than of losing anything at all. Why he should wish to rid himself of an innocence he has never established he had, he is unable to say, but there are enough clues, and two explicit scenes, to allow us to come to our own conclusions.

In the first scene he has the chance to rob a customer but cannot bring himself to do it. "Somehow," he characteristically reflects, "I knew – in that room just now – I had failed the world I sought." A few months later, with a similar opportunity, he doesn't fail. And so it turns out that the biggest influence of all, not stylistically or imaginatively, God knows, but what, with all proper sorrow for the corruption of the word, we shall have to call metaphysically, is Jean Genêt. Rechy has read Genêt or heard about him, learned of his choice to *be* a thief and a prostitute since society had decided that he was, and has tried to put his own illness in the service of some such moral revolution as Genêt's. It is very much as if some ordinary, untalented gambler and epileptic had decided to pretend he was Dostoevsky.

The urge may be perennial but we are in an especially unchastened period of such pretension. What Rechy lacks, what all our writers-*manqué* lack who wish to *be* Genêt, or Rimbaud, or Lautreamont or Lawrence, is of course everything that the latter posses: a true dream of violence as cure, profundity, lateral vision, a language, a demon. What they lack most radically of all is the knowledge that the rebellion has to be carried out within language and form themselves, that the material is a guarantee of nothing and may be a gross impediment. Even Genêt could not do justice in fiction to the extreme violence and perversity of his life; when he found the proper form it was the drama, and drama, moreover, which broke the old patterns after having passed beyond the specificities and autobiographical *culs-de-sac* of his own existence.

But if you do not know that art has its own life and laws you will never understand why grave, passionate, anguished or terrible events in the world cannot simply be transferred or transliterated so as to make comparable events in literature. There are no good novels about earthquakes, prairie fires, strikes, tidal waves or orgies, and the reason is that these things are too much themselves, there is no getting a purchase on them or a way into human reality. By the same token the great novels about war or murder or erotic disaster are precisely triumphant because they modulate these devastations through the perspectives, or memory, of peace, reverence and love.

The Marquis de Sade, who wished to pursue perversion to its furthest limit, was a bad novelist, but he was a responsible phenomenon and a valuable witness. John Rechy is neither. More a victim, perhaps, than an originator, riding the latest wave of irresponsibility in the name of action and of being true to one's calamity, he would not be worth talking about if what he represented were not worth talking about. And what he represents is the distance we have come from an understanding of realms of being, of the dialectic between body and soul and between heaven and hell, and from a knowledge that art is perfect authenticity or it is nothing.

If, as it seems, we are in a period when we can scarcely even believe in love and peace, let alone exist in them, let us by all means strike out for them with all the violence we possess, but let us remember that the end is a restoration not a perpetual rebelliousness, and let it be our own violence, not another's. If we find ourselves homosexual, or a hustler, or impotent, or cursed, or a Negro in a white world, or a white man in a Negro world, or in jail, or in *Esquire*, or on horse, or on the road – it doesn't mean that we are artists, and may mean, if we celebrate ourselves and cultivate our pain, that we can never be. We are equal to our own lives, but our imaginations have to make a leap. The deepest shame of a book like *City of Night* is that it cradles its furies and impotencies without understanding or being affected by them, and so without understanding or affecting anything else.

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The Beethoven Concertos

Audiences in Boston and Brooklyn heard Artur Schnabel play Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 with the Boston Symphony in 1930; but music-lovers throughout the country got their first hearing of his performance of this work – as of his performances of the other four Beethoven concertos – from the recordings he made of them between 1932 and 1935 with English orchestras under Sargent. As in Toscanini's performances of Beethoven's symphonies, one heard in those Schnabel performances of the concertos a clarifying articulation that caused each work to appear as though its structure and expressive significance were revealed for the first time; and such were the force and the authority of this new image of the work that it established itself as the one by which others were judged – and usually found unsatisfying. During the war Schnabel recorded Nos. 4 and 5 with the Chicago Symphony under Stock; after the war he recorded Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 with the London Philharmonia under Dobrowen and Galliera. When I first heard the 1946 performance of No. 4 I thought it was some of the most beautiful playing Schnabel had ever recorded – refined, subtilized playing that gave the impression of matured clarification – but didn't make the 1933 performance superfluous. Listening to it now – on one of the five records of Angel GRE-4006 (mono only) that offer the four post-war performances with the 1932 No. 1 – I find that it is, as I thought, a beautiful performance, but that what I heard as refinement and subtilization I now hear as a loss of some of the spontaneity, grace and suppleness, the continuity of tension and outline in large-spanned enunciation of phrase, that make the 1933 performance incomparably superior. And the 1933 performance begins with a miracle – the quietly meditative opening statement of the piano – that isn't achieved in the more expansively emphatic statement in 1946. So with No. 3: the 1947 performance is excellent, but the 1933 is far superior, with its more energetic and impassioned playing in the first movement, and even more grace in the episode of cantilena in thirds in the second movement. On the other hand, except for the less spaciously meditative slow movement of No. 2, the post-war performances of this work and No. 5 are much the same as the pre-war ones. Presumably Angel chose the post-war performances because of their better recorded sound; but electronic reprocessing has made this sound shallow, unclear and at times unnatural and even unpleasant; and one will do better to acquire the performances with the natural and more solid sound they have on the Electrola records that Capitol will be distributing here soon (better still would be to manage to find a copy of RCA Victor LM-6700, which had the pre-war performances).

In addition to comparing pre-war with post-war Schnabel, I compared Schnabel with Glenn Gould. Schnabel imparts to the first two movements of the Concerto No. 1 a spacious and weighty expressiveness more appropriate to the later Beethoven; and though he makes the finale light and gay, Gould's faster tempos, more incisive rhythm, greater energy and verve, and more sharply and brilliantly executed passage-work produce much more effective statements of the outer movements. With no. 3 the reverse is true: it is Schnabel who plays the first movement in its right *alla breve* tempo with impassioned energy, Gould who adopts an unusually slow tempo in which he shapes the music powerfully; and in the finale too there is the contrast between the buoyancy and grace of Schnabel's playing in his faster tempo and the incisive shaping that Gould does in his slower tempo. In No. 2, Schnabel's playing of the outer movements is delightful in its lightness and grace; Gould's is more sharply in-

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cisive. On the other hand, in No. 4 Gould's eccentricities and perversities produce passages that I find impossible to hear as valid statement of the music; and it is Leon Fleisher who offers a performance comparable with Schnabel's.

Artur Rubinstein's recent playing has had a new continence and refinement; but it exhibits a little of its earlier flamboyance in Schumann's *Carnaval* and some of the pieces in the set of *Fantasiestuecke* Op. 12, on Victor LM- and LSC-2669. I prefer Casadesus' performance of *Carnaval*.

Mozart's Piano Concerto K.483 – which Geza Anda plays with the Salzburg Camerata Academica Orchestra on Deutsche Grammophon 18-824 and 138-824 – is one of the greatest of the extraordinary series, with a first movement in which festive opening proclamations introduce a rich flow of melodic invention, a finale that is charmingly gay, and in between one of Mozart's most elaborately organized and deeply affecting slow movements. Anda conducts an undistinguished orchestra and plays a dull-sounding piano; but he shapes the phrases well, and – except for an occasional questionable retardation – the performance is a moderately good one. The unfamiliar Concerto K.238 that fills out the second side turns out to be uninteresting. The recorded sound is over-reverberant.

Handel's Concerto Nos. 2 and 3 for two wind choirs and strings – whose movements are highly effective translations into concerto style of popular choruses from his oratorios – are played well by the Concert Ensemble of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis under August Wenzinger, on ARC-3146 and 73146 of Deutsche Grammophon's Archive series. In addition the records offer the fine *Royal Fireworks Music*, played by the Archive Wind Orchestra under Wenzinger on reconstructions of the 18th Century instruments – clarinos (trumpets), narrow-bore horns, oboes and bassoons, and double bassoon – on which the work was originally played outdoors in London. The brilliant wind sonorities are impressive; but my ear craves the additional sound of strings in the version for winds and strings that Handel made for concert performance.

Rameau's one-act opera-ballet, *Pigmalion*, is on ARC-3202 and 73202 of Deutsche Grammophon's Archive ser-

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ies, with the second side filled out by the third of the concertos made up of pieces from Rameau's ballet *Les Indes Galantes*. This is pleasant music, performed well by the Lamoureux Chamber Orchestra, the Raymond Saint-Paul Choir and good soloists under Marcel Couraud's direction. B. H. HAGGIN

FILMS

Caging the Leopard

Luchino Visconti is possibly the most irritating film director alive, a man with a large embrace out of which almost everything manages to escape. His previous films that I have seen (*Rocco and His Brothers, Bellissima, White Nights,* his episode in *Boccaccio 70*) reveal serious intent, some intellect, some visual ingenuity. They do not reveal a grasp of the essential fine tension between screen and audience: how the film must control the audience, always moving it along at its own speed while the audience tries to race ahead and must always fail to *get* ahead if it is to be satisfied. Visconti's films miss this tension – he plunks down his designs and demands attention for them. So we become bored or wrongly amused and eventually irritated.

The Leopard
(20th Century-Fox)
The Good Soldier Schweik
(Lionex)

The Leopard is the best Visconti that I have seen, which means that it magnifies his virtues and faults. The film aims at the same goal as that of Lampedusa's novel: to depict, through the creation of character, a turning point in history. Visconti has not taken the novel as license for a mere spectacular movie. With small detail and large vista he has tried to make the Sicily of 1860. His street-battle in Palermo is not only dramatic, clear and credible, but because it is done with such small numbers (Garibaldi landed with a thousand), it dramatizes for us how often the course of history has been shifted by relative handfuls.

All through this almost three-hour film there are images that tell us how times and time have changed. Young Tancredi departs for the wars as for a sporting event, sweeping out onto the palazzo terrace to bid adieux to his aunt and cousins, then down the broad stairs, past the gardeners, to a gig held by a waiting groom. When the Prince's family are traveling to their country home, the wayside picnic is introduced by the opening of a tablecloth as big as many modern living rooms, and while the family eat and drink, the coachmen walk the horses in a circle, cooling them. At the Ponteleone ball, which is the lengthy coda of the film, crinolined girls jump up and down excitedly on a huge bed in the clerestory lighting of Ingres and David and Degas. (The color photography by Giuseppe Rotunno, the art direction, sets, and costumes by Mario Garbuglia, Giorgio Pes, and Piero Tosi are magnificent.)

But in this vein of what may be called texture-making, Visconti never knows when to stop. When the Prince contemplates himself in a mirror or studies a Greuze or in any of a dozen other examples, Visconti's fallible sense of timing betrays him. Also he inserts what in literature would be called set-pieces: *e.g.*, the slow camera traversal of the dust-stained Salina family in their Donnafugata pew, a mobile mural artfully composed but of no dramatic relevance. We know the family well by this time, and we know they have just done a journey. Visconti simply could not resist a clever idea that he hoped would win him applause.

It would have been more helpful to us if he had spent more effort on keeping the story lucid. For instance, we have to deduce what Donnafugata is and why the family goes there. The film has been cut by half an hour for American im-

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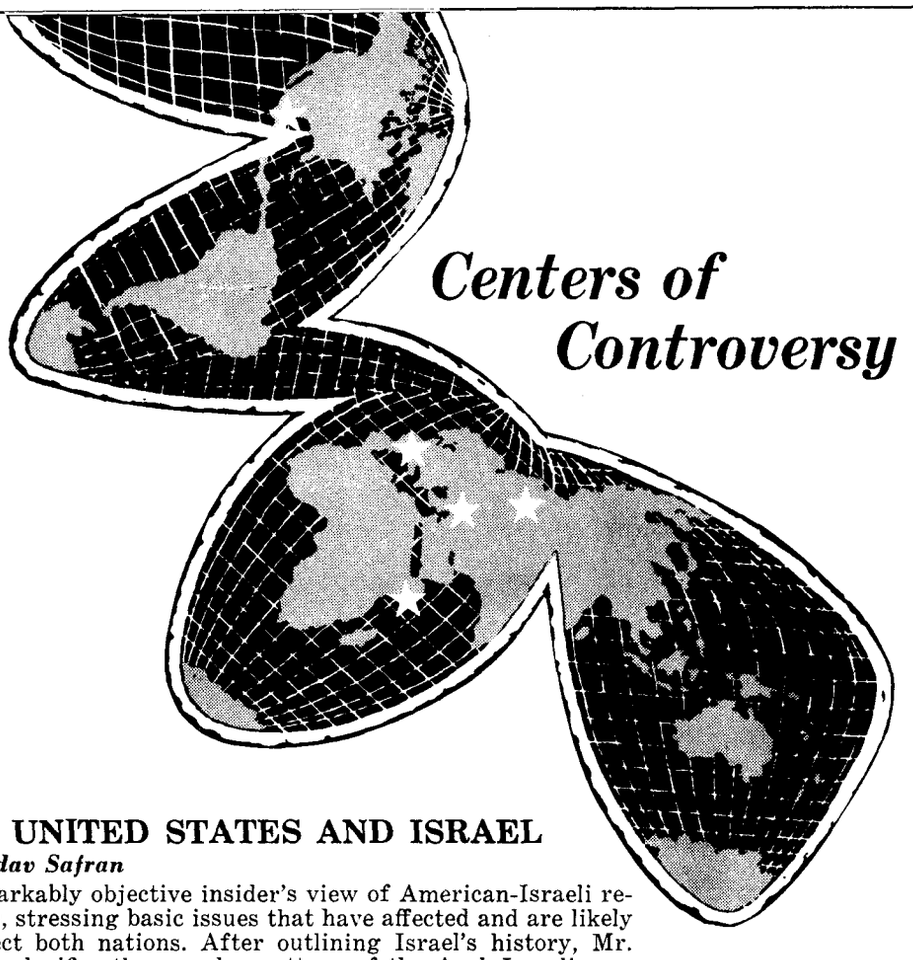

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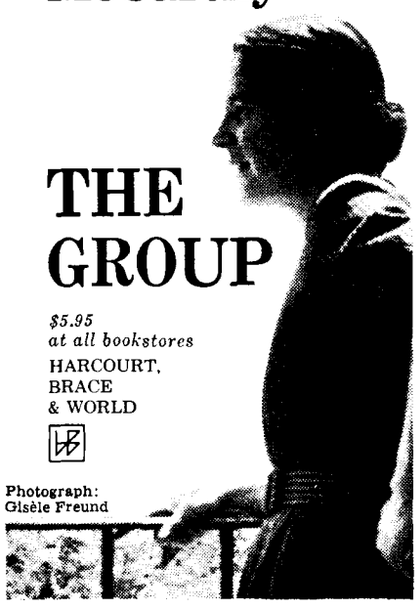

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port, but surely all the cuts couldn't have been wrongly chosen. Part of the trouble must have been in the making of the picture.

Most of the acting is quite bad. Alain Delon, the Tancredi, has some verve in the early part, and Claudia Cardinale at least conveys Sicilian sensuality. But Paolo Stoppa, as the parvenu mayor, and Serge Reggiani, as the town organist, overact stupidly. Burt Lancaster is the Prince, and my fellow-alumnus of DeWitt Clinton High School in the Bronx is badly miscast as the scion of an ancient aristocratic line. The strain on the others, who often must speak of his noble bearing and manner, must have been considerable and may help to explain their own bad performances. The film, like the novel, stands or falls with the character of the Prince. The novel stands; the film falls.

A few months ago in *The New York Times*, Bosley Crowther, in one of his periodic praises of dubbing, attacked the "purists" who oppose it. (Does this make him an impurist?) He said that the then-forthcoming dubbed version of this picture would be "a crucial test . . . of the whole issue of making the language in films fit the understanding of audiences." In his subsequent review he delivered his own verdict. In fact, he not only objected to some of the dubbing into English, he even objected to the voice and delivery of the one American in the cast! (Lancaster.) The dubbing *is* disastrous and is particularly annoying when one recognizes the voices of the dubbers while watching the faces of other actors.

Still, Visconti would not be an irritating director if he were completely unredeemed. *The Leopard* is ill-made, incohesive, tedious; but it has some evocations of Sicilian landscapes and historical essences that are beautiful.

The Good Soldier Schweik is necessarily condensed from Hasek's long, lovable novel, but it is unnecessarily altered. Sex for Schweik is removed and some sentiment is inserted (like carrying Lieutenant Lukas' body off the battlefield). Nevertheless, insofar as it goes, it is a pleasant picture, directed with unobtrusive skill by Axel von Ambesser. Schweik is Heinz Ruhmann who gets our sympathy because he doesn't play for it. STANLEY KAUFFMANN

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Correspondence

Man on the Moon

Sirs:

I would like to make a few remarks about the article "Man on the Moon" in the August 3 edition of *The New Republic.*

First, while the Russians are having their troubles, it should be emphasized that in attempting rendezvous they are struggling with a problem that we will not begin to face until sometime next year, at the earliest. If and when the Russians perfect the rendezvous technique with their Vostok vehicles, they will be in a position to begin assembling their moon vehicle in orbit immediately. This could conceivably be done early in 1965, at a time when we are still testing the first stage of the SATURN booster, which is intended to take an American crew to the moon by 1968-70.

Secondly, if one looks at the possible scientific, economic and political advantages to be found in space it becomes apparent that the moon is the dominant long-range objective. It is very likely that there will be no large-scale flights to other planets from the surface of the earth. The moon will become, by the turn of the century, the primary staging area for interplanetary flights. This is because of the moon's low gravity, airlessness (and hence lack of air friction that impedes launching vehicles on earth), and the moon's own natural resources – which will probably supply much of the structure and all of the propellant for large rocket boosters. By the turn of the century it is most likely that planet Earth will supply only men and specialized equipment for interplanetary voyages. The rocket vehicles themselves will be assembled and fueled on the moon.

Thirdly, there may yet be military uses to the moon: the possibility of high powered laser weapons, though remote at present, should not be completely overlooked.

It would seem then that in the long run, the choice of the moon as a primary objective for our space efforts is a logical one. There are no scientific studies now proposed that could not be carried out as well or better from a lunar base than from an artificial satellite in orbit around the Earth.

Benjamin W. Bova
Everett, Mass.

In reply:

Mr. Bova seems to have missed the main point of my article: why must we race? Eventually we should go to the moon, if only because it's there; but there is little to be gained – scientifically, politically or militarily – by wasting billions of dollars on crash projects trying to get there by 1970. I think that the majority of scientists would gladly trade speed, billion-dollar budgets and "brute force" engineering for a few years of deep thinking and a little imagination.

Mr. Bova assumes that the Russians have accepted our challenge, and that the goal of their attempts at rendezvous in space is to assemble a moon vehicle in orbit. But Sir Bernard Lovell, head of the Jodrell Bank Radio Observatory in England, returned a few weeks ago from a tour of Soviet space installations convinced that the US is racing itself. Members of the Soviet Academy of Sciences told him that their next objective in space is the assembly in orbit of a two-man space platform containing a 36-inch telescope. The Soviets told him they were skeptical about sending men to the moon in this decade because present technology offers no way to shield astronauts from lethal radiation (X-rays, high-energy electrons and protons) emitted during solar storms. Until the shielding problem is solved, it will also preclude the use of the moon as a staging area for interplanetary flights.

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Way of Death

Sirs:

James Ridgeway, reviewing Jessica Mitford's *The American Way of Death* (August 31) wonders what the undertaker studies in his professional school. The University of Minnesota Fall Quarter Class Schedule lists the following courses: Introduction to Restorative Art; Embalming Theory and Practice; and Psychology of Funeral Service.

Evidently prospective practitioners learn in the latter that a costly wake requiring some sacrifice "permits the survivors to atone for any real or fancied neglect of the deceased. . . ." That this bit of psychology is probably valid says more about our society than about the funeral racket.

G. R. Elliott
Minneapolis

Civil Rights – A Challenge

Sirs:

Although your editorial reply was a refreshing response to Robert Bork's thesis ("Civil Rights – A Challenge," August 31) certain of his points could be met closer to their visceral base:

1) By writing off legislation which abolishes racial discrimination in public accommodations as mere "moral preference," Mr. Bork overstates the dichotomy between morals and law. "Law," said Mr. Justice Cardozo, "is an expression of customary morality which develops silently and unconsciously from one age to another. But law is also a conscious or purposed growth, for the expression of customary morality will be false unless the mind of the judge (and legislator) is directed to the attainment of the moral end and its embodiment in legal forms." What, indeed, is "law" if it cannot reflect the community's sense of right and wrong?

2) Mr. Bork flinches at the prospect and necessity of defining and delimiting the expression of this "morality" in the form of law, so he draws the line to preclude any expression of it whatsoever by invoking a Lockeian reverence for "property rights." As dissipated as "property rights" have become since Locke first defended them three centuries ago, does anti-discrimination legislation purport to flush them out of existence? The answer is, No. Of course there is *some encroachment* on "property rights" in this regard. But that is nothing new. There is no "absolute" right to deal with one's property any more than there is an "absolute" freedom of speech, or an "absolute" right of privacy – all cherished rights under our system of law. The issue again is reduced to a balance of interests: the rights of the individual weighing against the interests of the community as a whole. It is distressing to note that Mr. Bork wishes to tip the scale wholly in favor of an individual "property right" – a narrow preference quite out of line with our historical and moral context.

Evan Y. Semerjian
Belmont, Mass.

Typographical Agony

Sirs:

I have been glancing at your issue of August 31 for two days now, studying typographical errors which will no doubt appear in titbit form in *The New Yorker* soon. Erich Wulff's comments on South Viet Nam appear to have been rushed into print. . . . Stanley Kauffmann's review of Mary McCarthy's *The Group*, however, has been butchered in a more interesting fashion. . . .

Victor Dupont
Byram, Connecticut

In reply:

In Kauffmann's review of *The Group*, a misplaced line of type marred the sentence: "Besides the many factual blockbusters, there is a constant peppering with pellets: recipes, fashions, furnishings." The last sentence should have read: "But *The Group* seems to be Miss McCarthy's testimony that she is no longer interested in writing novels." These and other dismal lapses in that issue we charge to the dog days of August and our temporarily shrunken staff.

– THE EDITORS

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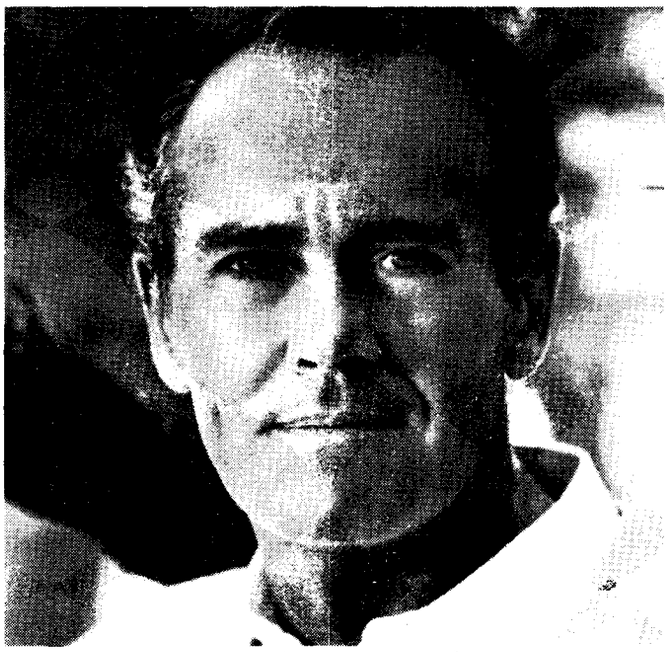

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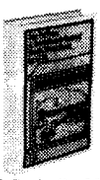

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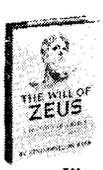

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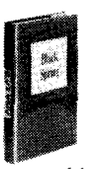

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